

66/2/11 422



Shit.

If we took all the man hours it took to make this last issue (the one you hold now), we could have made a nuclear reactor. But it's a good accomplishment on everyone's part.

I really don't have much to say, and I'm in a rush, so a few notes: look for ie buttons coming out before Christmas (what better gift for your grandma?), and the next deadline shall be in January.

Oh, and since we've been asked to justify ourselves on several levels: our new official mission statement.

### MISSION STATEMENT

WE PUBLISH AN ILLICIT UNDERGROUND, UNDER-FUNDED, UNDER-APPRECIATED, UNDER-THE-INFLUENCE, UNDER-SURVEILLANCE, UNDER-STIMULATED, UNDER THE GUN NEWSPAPER FOR SHITS AND GIGGLES BECAUSE WE'RE BORED ON FRIDAY AFTERNOONS.

ERGO:

THE ADMINISTRATION COULD SHUT US DOWN FOR GOOD IF THEY'D BUY US A KILO OF POT. (HINT HINT)

~ editor godhelpusall



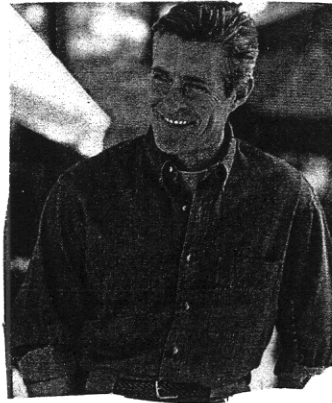
Magical Drunk guys

by DarkFox (you know who I am...)

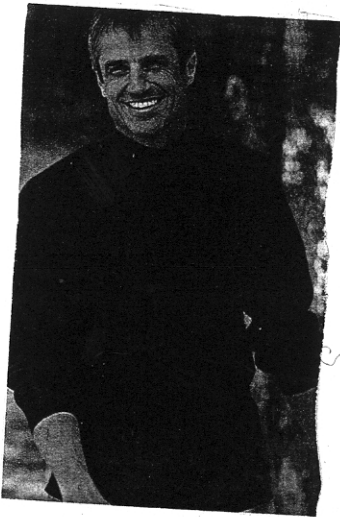
# Grandpa Jack's "Male"-order <sup>TM</sup> !MEN!



won't shrink  
out of size, yet...



versatile, functional



Hard to find a better-made



Get moving

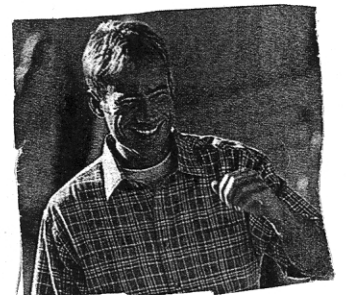


## Improved!

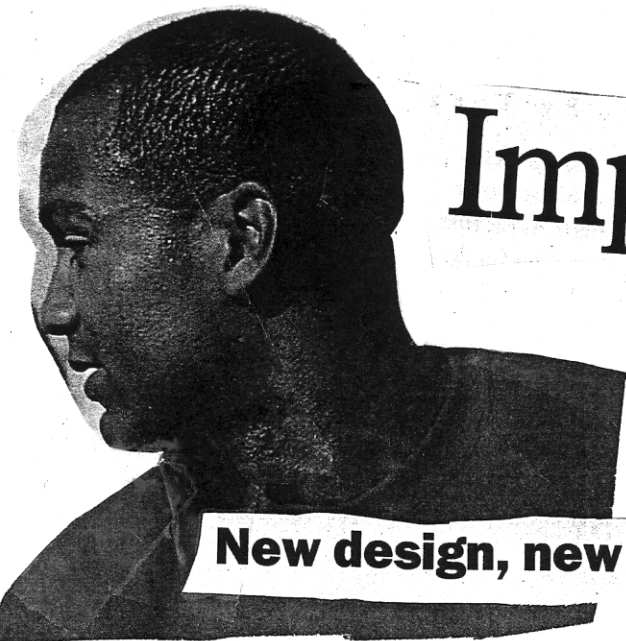
New design, new features -



2



Smoothness



# The Disintegration of Basic Decency in Our Society

There is an octopus on my head. Right now you might be wondering why there is an octopus on my head. Moving on, I don't see the point in all the cheeze whiz. It is not a pretty thing, cheeze whiz. Yet it prevails. It is like a never budging rock of strength in the face of adversity. A lot like black berry bushes, that always spring up no matter how much uprooting is done (for those esteemed few who understand my analogy). My theory is that cheeze whiz was developed by the government to provide us "sheep" with something to occupy our short attention spans. We wonder about this "marvelous cheeze product" and the vast emptiness of our minds (which hypothetically could be used for thinking) are instead occupied by this dairy (or synthetic, as the case may be) product. Our government is determined to squash out every possible opposition. Their ultimate goal is to rule us like slaves, and cheeze whiz provides the perfect solution. A clever innovation, let me not discredit the geniuses in the Pentagon -- Bravo, a marvelous job, old chaps. However, my responsibility is to the people, so they must be warned. Cheeze whiz is evil by nature, and must be renounced, despite its ability to suck you into its vortex of perplexity. I admit that my days spent whiling away the hours pondering cheeze whiz have been happy and fulfilling ones . . . as I am sure yours have been as well.

However, the time comes when one must act, and get the damn octopi off our heads!!! Band with me brothers and sisters, we will overcome our tyrants, and a new leader shall rise . . . **THE TIME IS NOW!**

-paid for by the makers of Kraft

Alighting on the swift sea of misery,  
The joining of two hearts flows into the night.  
Light awakens at the dawn,  
Holding on, holding on.  
What has a lover but the loved?  
What has change and come again?  
The swift sea of despair hath rot  
Away the tree of my youth  
And brought me down to not.  
Oh pain, sweet Pain wretched in my heart,  
My life is not mine to live anymore.  
No more live in Pain.  
Oh spare me, Light,  
My soul to live,  
Jaybird sing my song.  
Love to light my sould away with the dawn.  
Shaken up, with hell to pay,  
My soul lives free only for today.  
Save me, oh Light to live tonight,  
To see my love at last.  
My love is mine, just for tonight,  
Then my soul, wretched from my hand.

Je T'aime

Happiness is a barn full of horses.



Candy  
Friend





# The Dangers Of Hugging Trees

*a comprehensive report by Penny Petty*

Lakewood, a small city in what otherwise would be know as Tacoma, is best known for its decrepit mall, a new movie theatre with stadium seating, and a lot of non-numbered, non parallel streets. Yet even in a town as seemingly insignificant as this, there can be found (outside the large mental institute) some truly deranged folks living among us. People who have truly jumped from the edge of the sky scraper called sanity, and have plummeted to the bottom of a sewer hole know as life. While it is most likely that we all are entirely cracked and living our lives completely oblivious to our own neurosis, this does not prevent me from doing some research into a particular lunatic I first encountered while running an errand with my mom. Being the good suburbanites we are, we wanted to plant a hedge between the edge of our lots, and the beginning of our neighbors, thus not only relieving our dog of the necessity of incessantly marking our territory, but also preventing our neighbors from inflicting their bad taste in garden adornments (i.e. plastic gnomes with big toothy grins, and rocks with religious symbolism mysteriously engraved on them) on to our property. For such a task, my mother decided to stop in at a local nursery, which shall remain nameless, to pick out some shrubs.

Once slamming the car door, we were immediately attended to by the owner of the aforementioned nursery. This man was wearing an old blue hoodie with holes in it, serial killer gloves with the fingers cut out, a pair of brown pants covered with paint flecks, and a black ski cap, in the middle of July. He watched her as she came towards him and issued him a standard, but friendly greeting, and proceeded to describe what she was looking for. While she spoke he started to search his pockets. This continued several seconds after she had finished, and then at last he retrieved from his back pocket (!) a small Chinese bouncing ball. He bounced the ball as he spoke.

"Ok. Well these plants over here are infant Douglas Firs. They came to me from my friend Buck who got them from a tree farm in Sequim. This one is Lucy, this is Bill, that one is Chester..." (the man proceeded to name all the Douglas Firs on the lot while my mother waited impatiently.)

"I don't want one of those," my mom interrupted, "I hate them."

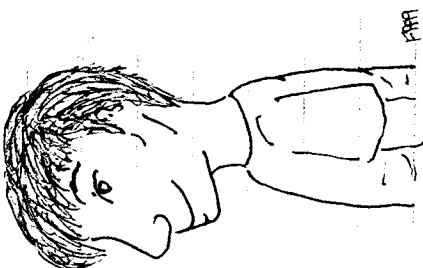
"Oh!" said the man with genuine shock, "Never EVER say you hate them." He was obviously deeply shocked at her blasphemy, and drew himself up and positioned himself between my mother, her offensive words, and the tree that she had insulted, as if shielding it. After turning around to check if the tree was still ok, he turned back, folded his arms, and stared quite evenly at my mother for a long time. This was the begining of the stand off. The man simply stood there, between my mother and his friend the fir, and stared at her with abject hatred. My mother, wishing to avoid his gaze, was averting her eyes, and pretending to be staring at some other trees in the opposite direction. This went on for some time, until the man, suddenly unfolded his arms, pulled out his bouncing ball, inspected the tree one more time, and resumed the pounding of the ball on the cement. Clearly impatient, and wanting to get this over with, my mom pointed, exasperated, to another group of trees.

"How much for that one there," she asked.

"For you....," the man rolled his eyes up as if calculating the price mentally. He then said clearly, and with distinction, putting an accent on each syllable, "Fifty Five hund-er-ed dollars." With pronouncing the last word he snatched up his ball, put it back in his pocket, and inserted his hands in the kangaroo pockets of his hoodie, making it clear she was not going to be getting a tree from him.

"Get real," my mom muttered as she and I hiked back over to the car, determined to never see that crack pot or his nursery again.

When I was writing this report I wanted to go back to visit the man again, to see if the experience would be the same, but when I drove by, a sign informed me that he was going out of business. It's my bet that he didn't find many people pure in heart enough, or with enough money, to giving the right kind of home to his beloved trees. Some day we'll see him, a bum living under a bridge with a greenhouse full of plants. I guess that's what you get for making friends with a Douglas Fir.



Mr. Philosophy Pedagogue  
(Currently employed at JA Street Corner,  
as a Professional Beggar). He can be  
reached through the Editor of this  
publication)

Q: Dear Mr. Philosophy Pedophile, or  
whatever;

How can you reconcile the  
differences between the Hegelistic view  
of the God/man dialectic with those of  
the present day Post-Hip-ultraModern-  
deConstructionists?

WELL, IN REFERENCE TO YOUR  
UNASKED, BUT PATENTLY  
OBVIOUS QUESTION: I CANNOT  
IMAGINE MYSELF AS BEING  
ANYTHING LESS THAN A GENIUS,  
DESPITE EVIDENCE TO THE  
CONTRARY.

Q: I am an expert on the Theory of  
Knowledge. I would be happy to inform  
you about it...

HEY, DUDE: I BELIEVE THAT YOU  
CAN NEVER COMPLETELY  
UNDERSTAND ANYTHING AND ACT  
ON IT.

WHICH LEADS TO: NO ONE  
CAN UNDERSTAND PHILOSOPHY  
AND WRITE ABOUT IT. ALL  
PHILOSOPHY IS MERELY 'BIRD  
SHIT ON MY CARDBOARD BOX',  
AND CANNOT BE WRITTEN  
INTELLIGENTLY ABOUT.

"THIS SENTENCE CANNOT  
BE WRITTEN DOWN" CANNOT BE  
THOUGHT ABOUT FOR VERY LONG  
BEFORE AN \*ILLEGAL  
OPERATION ERROR\* OCCURS  
AND YOU START WHISTLING THE  
SIMMONS THEME...

THE MORAL OF MY STORY:  
YOU CAN UNDERSTAND  
SOMETHINGS, AND DO  
SOMETHING, BUT YOU'LL NEVER  
UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING:-)



5

Q: Is there a God?

THE ONLY WAY I COULD KNOW  
THAT IS IF I WERE HE. I THINK  
THAT QUESTION IS ONE OF  
THOSE QUESTIONS PEOPLE ASK,  
REALLY HOPING NOT TO GET AN  
ANSWER, WHICH IS WHY THEY  
DON'T. BESIDES, EVEN IF I DID  
KNOW SOMETHING, I WOULDN'T  
PUT IT INTO WORDS. NOT FOR A  
HUNDRED...CENTS.

Q: Dear Mr. Philosophy Pedant,

How can I make a time machine?  
Please hurry! I need to go back in time  
to turn in a late assignment!

REMEMBER, TIME IS ONLY  
ANOTHER DIRECTION.

SOMETIMES TO FIND SOMETHING  
YOU NEED ONLY WAIT; WHILE  
YOU TRAVEL INTO THE FUTURE  
YOU WILL GET WHERE YOU ARE  
GOING. ENOUGH TIME WILL TAKE  
YOU ANYWHERE. EVERYTHING  
GOOD COMES TO THOSE WHO  
WAIT. MY ADVICE IS TO WAIT  
UNTIL JUNE TO DO YOUR SO-  
CALLED "LATE ASSIGNMENT".

Dear Mrs. Philosopher Pediatrician,  
Sometimes, I doubt everything,  
especially whether You're a real  
philosopher. I bet you're not even a real  
hobo!

FINE, DOUBT EVERYTHING!; THAT  
IS, IF YOU LIKE STAYING AWAKE  
ALL NIGHT. I DOUBT ONLY ONE  
THING; AND THAT IS THE SAYING  
"DOUBT EVERYTHING". SINCE IT  
IS CONVENIENT TO ASSUME THE  
UNIVERSE EXISTS AND THAT YOU  
AND I DO SO TOO, I ACCEPT  
THAT. I DOUBT THE NEED TO  
DOUBT. WHICH IS STILL  
DOUBTING, WHICH LEADS TO THE  
QUESTION: WHY DON'T I DOUBT  
THE DOUBTING OF THE NEED TO  
DOUBT? BECAUSE I ONLY DOUBT  
IN MULTIPLES OF TWO. AND I  
WOULD NEVER DOUBT THAT...



please don't become exclusive.

Q: Dear Sir,

If I were to strike you in a violent manner with an instrument capable of bodily (and in some cases vehicular and even structural) harm, would you then kindly stop prostituting your urbane utterances of callously degenerative nomenclature?

**ASK THE RIGHT QUESTIONS TO  
FIND THE RIGHT ANSWERS.  
WRONG QUESTIONS ALWAYS  
LEAD TO WRONG ANSWERS: YOU  
AND WHAT ARMY?**

Q: What is the meaning of life?

**HMM. WHEN FACED WITH A  
TOUGH QUESTION, I TURN IT  
AROUND TO FIND OUT THE  
ANSWER. "DID YOU CLEAN YOUR  
CARDBOARD BOX?" MY MOTHER  
USED TO ASK. BY SIMPLY  
REPEATING WHAT SHE SAID IN A  
DIFFERENT WAY I COULD  
RESPOND WITH "I CLEANED MY  
CARDBOARD BOX". NOW, DOING  
THE SAME TO YOUR QUESTION:  
LIFE IS THE MEANING OF... WHAT?  
ANSWER THAT AND YOU MAY  
UNDERSTAND WHEN I SAY LIFE  
IS THE ANSWER TO ALL OF YOUR  
QUESTIONS.**

Q: In that case there is nothing wrong with bullshitting your way through life and/or school assignments?!

**UH...ENOUGH PHILOSOPHIZING.  
ITS TIME FOR ACTION. SINCE I  
DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING,  
THAT SHOULD BE EASY....**

**PS: I THOUGHT I WORKED FOR  
MONEY. PLEASE SEND ME MY  
MONEY. HURRY.**

Why must cats always hump my leg? I know I am a beyond-belief-major-stud, however it is disturbing. I will be walking down the street, and cats will jump me. I am afraid to leave my home. Confined within the white plaster walls of my meager apartment, I find no fulfilment. I look out my window, and gaze at the many pedestrians eleven stories below (who appear to me as ants), walking peacefully down the street. How I loathe them. I wish to squash them all! They have no idea how I suffer, they don't know my pain. \*dramatic pause\* I often get the urge to run down to street level, and begin humping their legs, so that someone might be able to empathize with me. Why is this world so CRUEL?!

## Truths

The world can be so deceptive,  
To those who are receptive,  
To it's multitude of lies.

Crumbling barriers, disrespect,  
All in an effort to protect,  
What each and every truth denies.

Trying so hard to deceive,  
To make all others believe,  
What awful deception justifies.

So afraid of the unknown,  
That hateful lies, constantly shown,  
Hold more merit in their eyes.

Truths seem to fall upon deaf ears,  
Pushed away by irrational fears,  
In silence forsaken justice cries.

-Peanut-butter Pix



## Mentionings

Madeline Albright looks like Anthony Hopkins in drag!  
Isaac Asimov is Canadian!  
All the i.e. "men" are balancing in their chairs, or trying to anyway!  
This is a fine fettle of fish, Vern.  
"Langenscheidt" means long vagina.  
That's really sad, Batman.  
I can think of no droplets of knowledge to impart on the world.  
Fall and bless us all!  
It's 7:19...

ANGER: EXTREMELY FLAMMABLE. HARMFUL OR FATAL IF SWALLOWED.  
AVOID INHALING VAPORS. EXPOSURE MAY RESULT IN NAUSEA, HEADACHE,  
CONFUSION OR INSTABILITY AND MAY IRRITATE EYES, SKIN OR CHEST.

heat sparks - Time, Ke-

## Ugres

to scream, "Your mother is a WHORE," at everyone who insults you  
to go up to that special someone and say, "My Primary God is Uranus!"

"issues" is a bad idea



## Dedications

To all the tutors available yesterday.  
To our second period RHPS  
To Little Tokyo, Batman, and whose name shall be Rahasha  
To: Felix (with love!)  
To abolitionists  
To non-electric can openers  
To right turns

Time misspent  
To the Raisins donated by the USDA for food help programs, not to be sold or exchanged  
To adamant supporters of I-695: "The government spends money like a banshee!"  
To Robbie—I love you!  
To the bucket o' truth  
To the perspicuity of philosophy teachers  
To that Bug that cut me off  
To Jonathon: You will always be my own little Holden Caulfield, even if you have moved to Texas. I won't forget you.



# Overpopulation at Foss

Rich Nauk

A week or three ago, I was unnerved to discover that Foss has a population problem. One of my buddy-buddy-chum-chums, currently a Staydumbnigher, decided to escape the foul clutches of laziness and join us in the IB program. We found Mr. Lang, and after discussion spanning anywhere between 2 minutes, 21.795 seconds and 3 minutes, 16.642 seconds, he told us that Foss could not accept any transfers because it is full. Now, when you think about it, this should not be. There are ways to cut down the population of Foss so that we can bring in and nourish great minds. The people that we are denying entrance to could someday bring us great things such as the two-person toothbrush, the hammock/speaker system, and a slingshot especially designed for those French fries that are so slicked with grease that they tend to slip out of normal slingshots. When you think about it, there are many ways to fix this problem... Here are just three of the solutions I came up with:

## Cannibalism

We've all heard the expression "Eat me." Why don't we take this general idea one step further? Cannibalism is one of the most blatantly obvious ways to cut down on population while maintaining a balanced diet. Instead of eating hare, eat Harry. Why eat beef when you can eat Biff? Stop looking at those girls as just mignon; look at them as filet mignon! Humans are each unique, and the reality of their flavor will differ from person to person (dish to dish) if you haven't already created a psychological distinction between them in your mind. Of course, after bringing down one human, you will have a lot of leftovers. Wouldn't one get bored of the same flavor night after night? Think again! After you have eaten your share, simply grind the leftovers into a nice hamburger. Hamburger has so many practical uses, and things like Hamburger Helper can be inexpensively added to jazz\* up the flavor. Ponder this for a moment: Monday: the initial dinner; Tuesday: taco night; Wednesday: sloppy Joe (or whomever you are currently eating) night; Thursday: add a little hamburger helper; Friday: make a casserole; Saturday: grill some cheeseburgers; and Sunday: nachos. Herbs, spices, sauces, and marinades can also be added to give more of an exotic flavor. Next time someone tells you to bite him or her, give it a try. Once you've had human, you may never go back!

\* jazz - Speaking of jazz, a hefty congratulations to the Foss Jazz Band on Tuesday (10/12), especially to a certain Baritone Saxophone player whose name I do not recall at the moment..... Oh well.



## "Foreign Exchange"

How much do we actually know about foreign exchange programs? Not very much. How much do our parents know? It would appear even less. That's right..... People claim to be with foreign exchange programs all the time, and we accept it as normal. The number of students that participate in these programs is growing rapidly, while the knowledge of these programs is shady. If you were to go up to your parents and ask for some money to go on a trip, you would be asked questions about the cost, the length of the trip, and other frivolous things like that. The simple nature of the exchange program is for parents to find an easy excuse to get rid of their children. Tests have shown that the education system in Europe is generally better than that of the US, and produces very smart individuals. The Europeans discovered this way to get rid of their children, and now it is catching on here at home. Why not take advantage of this? Round up those kids you find annoying (easiest to begin with the freshmen) and give them forms for an Antarctic Exchange program. If they disagree, you must be sure you can beat them into submission (again, it is easiest to begin with the freshmen). After you have them in a position where they will do most anything you ask, send them home to have their parents sign the documents and give them money. When they return to school the next day, relieve them of their money, and place them in large, clumsily made crates. Then load the crates onto one of the ships in Commencement Bay. It may take some of the money to get the officials to look the other way, but you must spend money now to reek the benefits later. After the kids have been exported, use their money to buy useful things for yourself, like five pairs of \$250 sunglasses.

## Natural Selection

Theoretically, survival should be assured to the strongest of mind and body. In society these days, we sit next to people who seem to have just climbed out of the primordial ooze, and we wonder when things will improve. The truth of the matter is that nothing changes if it is left to rest. If we want cut the population, we might as well just cut the people that need a good cutting. I suggest we take a ten or twenty dollar bill, tape a rock to one end of it and the end of a long piece of string to the other. Then, we stand by the roadside before and after school throwing the bill into the street. If someone runs after and gets hit by oncoming traffic, take no blame yourself. They deserved it, and you were merely providing a situation for them to get what they deserved. If the money seems to have no affect, you might consider using a larger bill, a pastry in a Ziplock baggy, a Rolex, or an attractive girl's phone number.

I'm sure we all see that the problem of overpopulation does exist at Foss, and that something must be done to stop it before it gets out of hand. The problem is black and white, and the possible solutions are numerous. These were just three brilliant ways to solve the problem, and I assure you there are more and better ways to approach it. If you have any, we welcome them openly.

Pisces (February 20-March 21) Profit. It's all about profit this month (and every other month, you greedy blood-sucking capitalist pig!). Four hundred years ago Machiavelli said of man, "One can make this generalization about men: they are ungrateful, fickle, liars, and deceivers, they shun danger and are greedy for profit; while you treat them well, they are yours." Yes, Pisces, though you are generally the complacent money man, this month your thirst for profit is not monetary: this month, it's political--and insatiable. This is the month to use your friends, lie, cheat, connive, exsanguinate. There is no morality but your power, no justice but your laws. You are not outside the world of human laws and emotions; you are above it. Behind a lacquer of kindness and external pleasantry lurk your deeper ambitions, and you must do whatever necessary to fulfill them. I tell you this not to encourage you, but because you are beyond the power of my reprimands. I only hope that some of the poor souls who call themselves your friends might read this and realize what pawns they are to your quest for absolute power, though I fear it is futile: you are unstoppable.

Aquarius (January 21-February 19) There's nothing like Comedy Central and margarita sorbet on a Saturday night when all your friends are having a party and didn't invite you because they suddenly decided they hated you for no fucking good reason and you're all fucking alone and your only friend who will still talk to you is in a foreign country and you want to kill yourself, except that you realize that no one would care and you resolutely stab your spoon into the frozen layers of green ice and woefully try to focus on the tv, which is impossible, since you just keep thinking, "only another 70 fucking years left," realizing that too much sorbet will significantly reduce that number and so you bring the spoon to your mouth as though it was filled to the little spoon-brim with poison, as though you would melodramatically keel over and your face would assume a peaceful expression of your infinite sadness and the tragedy of your life would at last be comprehended by all the morons around you, and all your damn so-called "friends," who are having fun all together and actively forgetting you ever existed might realize what a damn sad martyr you are and you would numb them and make their lives as meaningless as yours has become. And this almost makes you smile. Well, at least you haven't lost your sense of humor.

Taurus (April 21-May 21) According to a recent issue of "Seventeen" magazine, "Venus enters Virgo on the 8th, inspiring you to finish what you start. Expect starry-eyed bliss from the 10th to the 18th." But really, now, who believes in starry-eyed bliss these days anyway? Unless you're a ditzy 13 year-old and dreaming of being taken advantage of by some hunky lecher of a movie star...but obviously, I'm not wasting my time here on that crowd. No, Taurus, as I read it, it's Venus entering Virgo clearly has sexual implications of a more perverse nature, and it's best not to speak of such things. Just avoid Cancers and don't make fun of the handicapped and you should do just fine this month.

Cancer (June 22-July 23) I feel an apology is in order for the reading I gave you last month, Cancer. It really was unwarranted, but luckily, I'm sure that you (or your mate, or you hamster Hewie--it was a gooey kaboodle, though wasn't it...) will heal. And I think I owe you an explanation as to how I came up with that advice in the first place. You see, after three or four wine coolers the lysergic acid diethylamide begins to kick in (let this be a lesson to the chemistry teacher who thought I never listened!), and pretty soon, cops! Who can tell Orion's belt from a giant dildo in the sky? Because, of course, to effectively commune with the Oracle I go out on my roof and look at the stars and sit on this midlewy blanket which my sister laid out there one day in July. It's now horribly rancid beyond expiration, but this only helps support my insanity defense, I think. Then I smear some pig's blood, or at least barbecue sauce, diluted, in little shapes on my face and hands and feet and take off most of my clothes. Cancer, where do you, the hapless victim fit into this scheme? Well, frankly, I don't really know either. I once went out with a guy who was a cancer, though. I mean, that's Freudian, so it's probably beyond you, but it might be significant. He wasn't really a bad guy, but my enigmatic style was lost on him, as I fear it may be lost on you, Cancer. At any rate, I have advice for you, but I don't think I'll give it because you probably wouldn't understand it anyway.

Gemini (May 22-June 21) You are the most creative of all zodiacal signs, and therefore often mistaken for being the wisest. Okay, it's a mistake, but you're amiable enough so I'll bite. Since you're so damn all-knowing, I was thinking that you could write your own horoscope this month. So Gemini, here's your task: after much soul searching, you will figure out the course which this month will take. Next, you will type it out nicely at a size-10 font, New York, I believe, and slip it into locker N-45. Too easy? I thought that might be a problem. So, since you're very, very clever, I suggest you also write a 3000-4000 word paper on Pope Pius XII and his relations with Nazi Germany. Be sure to also include an extensive citation of all sources used and incorporate social elements of both Germany and the Catholic Church of the 1930's and 1940's. You may likewise slip this into locker N-45. This act of charity will bring you infinitely good karma, and you may also find that in the mousehole in the pit there is a tidy stack of greenbacks awaiting you. Go get em', Tiger!



Aries (March 22-April 22) Learn to tango, smoke a fine cigar or two, realize the temporary nature of everything around you, but do not be discouraged from searching for something greater. You may find that within yourself the essence of the moment is so strong that pure epicureanism is holy and your pleasure and love can be infinite.



Leo (July 24-August 23) Nobody likes an over-achiever. Your unctuous displays of actually caring about, well, anything, tend to irritate the less-than-stellar. Solution: mediocrity. Assimilate, blend into crowds, join a clique, join a sport, wear green and gold, don't talk in class (except to John/Jane Class Slut), be friendly to the principals, smoke in the bathrooms, have meaningless sex, adopt many obnoxious verbal ticks from primetime television, get a few speeding tickets, get a job at McDonalds, get fired for having meaningless sex in the bathroom, get caught having meaningless sex at a school dance, etc, etc, etc. This new policy of mediocrity will, no doubt, create many, many mediocre friends, who will no longer resent you, and eventually you will certainly stop hating yourself for selling out to your desire to fit in and you will get a job at a plant somewhere to support your illegitimate children, die of something, undoubtedly stupid, and be forgotten.

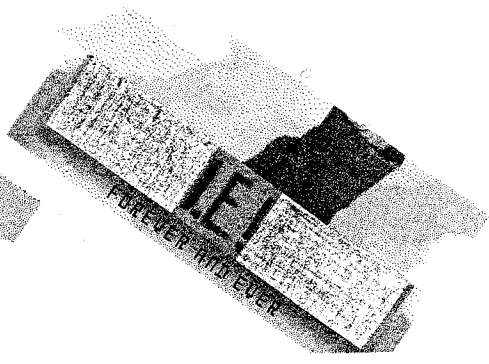
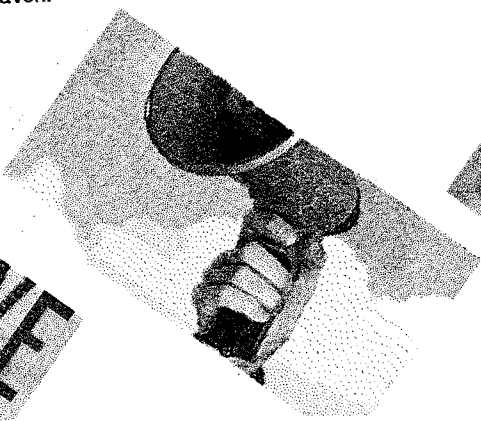
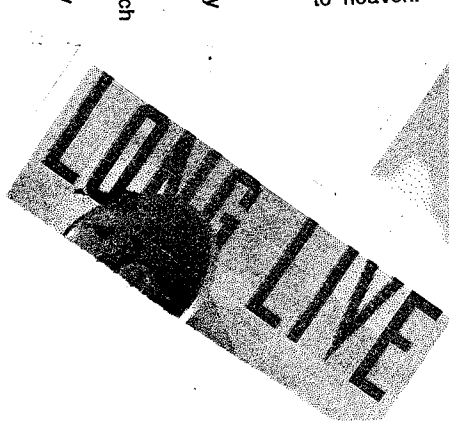
Sagittarius (November 23-December 22) Allow me to quote Allen Ginsberg: "The weight of the world is love." My weight, your weight, whose weight? Upon whom, and to what effect? To affect? It shall be proposed that love has no weight, but pressure shall henceforth suffice as weight (it is less subjective to the earth, which is an advantage). Neo-romanticism, in this epoch of crass realism, has no place but to make the lonely lonelier, the loving more disgusting to the rest of us, and love itself a necessary organic state of total upheaval and constant resurrection. But we're fooling ourselves to elevate this ideal of love to such a revered state. A clever little nimbus joke, and yet so strangulating. "Love" does not exist. There are people one can tolerate, there are companions and there is physical attraction. But love? When one looks around oneself there are people who claim to be "in love," and to one's mind the key question arises of whether they were insipid and intolerable before they became "in love," or are merely such by nature. But thank god for them, without whose example the allure of love and the pressure of so many sap-squeezed floral poems might be irresistible to any of us. Oh, perhaps the weight of the world is love, in all its hoaky manifestations, and yet I want no part of it, and neither should you, Sagittarius. Ours is a lonely path of resistance, and yet, for the lonely, the only path.

Capricorn (December 23-January 20) If you were to die today what would you think about? And suppose that "dying" were not something sudden, but instead a tormented process dragged out over months, or even years. Suppose you were lying in bed alone and no one admitted to you that you were dying, yet you yourself knew it to be true. Without sympathy from others, but instead with a deep, searing sense of injustice at the world, what would you think about? Could you justify your life? Your material possessions, your friends, your family...what would they all mean if you were suddenly standing completely alone on a crumbling precipice without recourse or hope? Isolated, in pain, betrayed, how would you want to remember, for example, this last year of your life? Or this last month, or day...

Scorpio (October 24-November 22) There is no future: the day doesn't have one. You know how the tide can go out so far that the water itself remains shallow almost indefinitely? When you're little you wade out into it and pack a sandwich so you don't get hungry on your trip to China. And then you get a little older and, somehow, even in spite of a significant increase in height which only makes wading so many inches more practical, all those adorable dreams of packing sandwiches to China fade. It's like the day you get your senior pictures and you tear open the box and your fingers even clumsily stutter along the edges of the leather presentation folder because you're so excited to open it--but when you finally succeed there's nothing there you haven't seen in the mirror. Four hundred dollars, but you're still yourself; your smile's crooked in every shot and you've got a funny looking nose, or you're just generally an odd looking critter to begin with, and the only difference is the clarity with which the lense captured your crooked smile or funny looking nose.

Virgo (August 24-September 23) There was a time when morality was given to man by God, etc, etc, or you were a dirty-hippy-heathen and that wasn't true, but love was good at least. Man could take life, but was mortal, and life would always go on. However, nuclear power has changed all that. Man can destroy not only life, but also the possibility of life. The survival of the world hangs in dubious limbo with the capability to create Armageddon over politics. The only way we can expect to overcome this is to cast off the anachronistic views both that man's destiny is ruled by a benevolent being, and also that man is rational. For who could argue the destruction of the human species to be a rational act (though this is, albeit, hard to argue against), and surely we are headed toward it now. All is not lost, but a new paradigm becomes necessary, viz. oneness with the earth and one another. Is it possible? Let me remind the reader: whether or not it is possible, it is necessary. Only such do these monkeys go to heaven.

Libra (September 24-October 23) Pigs suck teats blood creamy smooth larvae living poema. Amalgam of swirling visages, farrago of phantasmagoria. Surrealist concrete rises up in front of one, behind the ground falls out in dusty heaving mounds. I was there when the Word who died upon the cross ascended into heaven. With an air of especial gravitas, I tell you Libra, geniuses are supreme egotists. The fantastic in our time can have a place only in the lunatic asylum, not in literature. The conflux, I must admit, is hard to find, yet here I strive. There is that which is Real, and that which is not, the eternal never entirely lost even in seven-year voyages on seas of a bone-dry sandy shattered hourglass. In summation: be fruitful and multiply (?) No, no, how silly. A silly, frilly trippy-troppy tootle-oo, indeed!

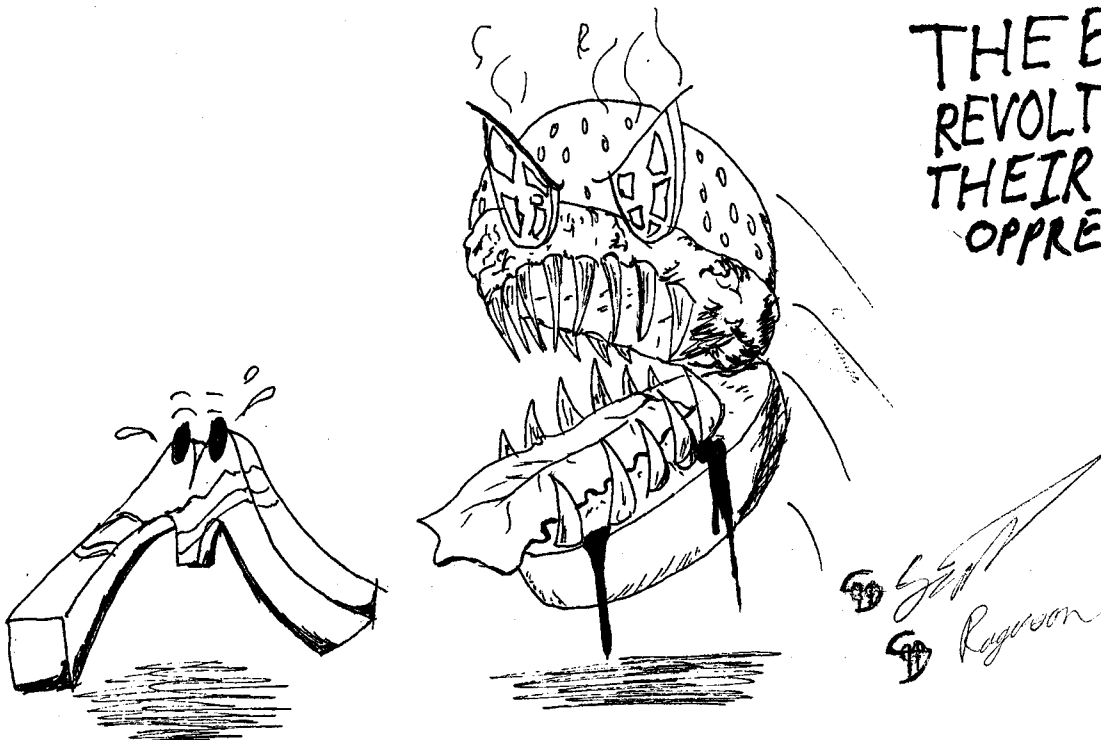


Buffalo can't live in Virginia. Have you ever heard of a buffalo in Virginia? I think not. Buffalo are generally only heard of in the south from Texas west and up north to Alaska. Buffalo also are found from Montana over through North and South Dakota. Maybe as far as Wisconsin. But I haven't heard of buffalo in Wisconsin either. They might reside in Iowa, but I don't know for sure. And what about bison? Do bison reside the same places as buffalo? I know they probably live in Canada. Like on "Northern Exposure." That's really an interesting show. Like when the pilot chick fell in love with the guy that was really a bear. That was pretty interesting. Imagine if they got married! How would they have kids? That would be really tweeky to have sex with a bear. Talk about a hairball! I wonder if those twisted rumors about people having sex with animals is true. I doubt it, but you never know. People are pretty psycho! It would be a completely weird thing if out of some freak of nature, a baby whatever was conceived. Yikes! Talk about an ugly kid!

"Man! You look like a dog!"

"I am a dog!"

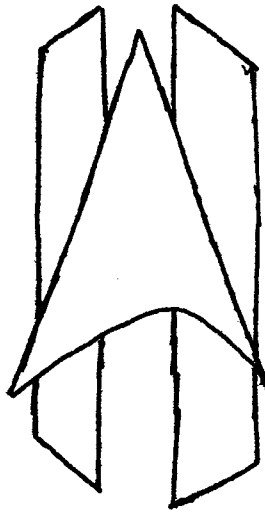
Weird. And what the fuck are people thinking! Actually, they aren't. That's like Abernathy in Terry Brook's "Magic Kingdom For Sale." That's a really good series. Abernathy is awesome. The wizard never did figure out how to change Abernathy back to a human, as far as I know. And they guy falls in love with a wood nymph that has to turn into a tree. A tree! How's that for a sex life! They need to use some hypnosis to help it along. Travis Fox's Hypnomania show is totally awesome! The night I was there they had a VERY SEXY guy as "Ricky Martin" singing "Livin' La Vida Loca." Oh baby! I was having a hard time coming out of hypnosis, but when he came on and took his shirt off, I woke up real quick! Hmm, let me have some of that! And the hip thing...to die for! I was really diggin' it! I won't ever forget that one! That's like the Jerry Harris show at the Pierce County Fair when a REALLY SEXY guy shoved napkins down his pants because the he thought they were thousand dollar bills, and he was instructed to hide them in a safe place. They wouldn't be safe for long! He would have been jumped by hundreds of girls as soon as he left the stage! Every girl would have wanted a little bit of that!



So you all thought that you had some interesting trick-or-treaters this year, huh? Well I'll bet our list of costumes (and feel free to use these for yourselves next year!) will top all else.

First we'll start with the normal ones, then work our way into the night.

U.S.S. INTREPID  
NCC-87018



JOIN STARFLEET!

Kill Jem'Hadar!  
Butt Heads With Klingons!  
Be a Red Shirt!  
Make New Friends!  
Meets In The Pit!  
Both Lunches!  
(Rm 318B)

Having trouble taking care of your young son while also managing a busy life and hectic work schedule? Tired of child-care programs that stifle your child's education and don't allow the freedom that you want your child to have? Then give us a try! Enroll your child in the:

## Lord of the Flies Island Vacation and Child Care Program

Drop your son off at our preparation center, located right across the street from the airport. Then breathe deeply and appreciate your newfound freedom as we take your child on a 6-month trip to a deserted island! There the automatically-controlled plane will crash, depositing your son into a rule- and stress-free environment full of interactive fun and games with other young boys! No bureaucratic adults pushing their own developmental ideas on your son, just other friends and nature to allow your son to expand and express his true inner self!

Beforehand, a specially trained adult will teach the young boys a special song and dance that will help unite the group once they reach the island. Then for the next half-year your son will interact with other children of similar age, forming close social groups and learning skills that he will use for the rest of his life!

The program has a limited enrollment of roughly several dozen, so sign up soon. All boys are between the ages of 6 and 12, so your child will feel right at home. Plenty of fruit, pigs, sticks, and large, unstable rocks dot the island, offering your son months on end of real-life entertainment. Enroll now or call for further information:

1-888-PIG-KILL

-Due to the lawless nature of the island atmosphere, the program, its directors, and advertisement copy writers are not responsible for any accidents or injuries occurring on or about the island.



12

1. Construction worker
2. Alien
3. Star Wars related
4. Skeleton
5. Ghost
6. Witch
7. Mummy
8. Miner
9. Soldier
10. Doctor
11. Criminal
12. Police officer
13. Judge
14. Prison Guard
15. Attorney
16. Railroad Engineer
17. Satan
18. Mephistopheles
19. Princess
20. Cat
21. Lion
22. Tiger
23. Bear
24. Harry Potter
25. Pumpkin
26. Pokemon
27. Baby
28. Ballerina
29. Bumblebee
30. Tow-truck operator
31. Jeweler
32. Ice skater
33. Roller skater
34. Roller
35. High roller
36. Holy roller
37. Cigarette roller
38. Steam roller
39. Seamstress

after the day is done and the sun goes down, you lay  
down. your bone weary body embraces still movement of  
rest and indulges in the current state of pause not knowing  
what is next. what it doesn't know is the  
rigorous and extenuating effort it needs to perform before  
your body is able to move with ease.

~ the weedy one

uation of the Counter  
m. The Hapsburg king (1) in Spain  
g of the Netherlands, (3), of  
ing (5), backed by (6) who was  
s fought for both political and  
hting for limited objectives. The  
f continental Europe. The Thirty  
d the end of the Holy Roman  
ter reformation imperialistic  
e Holy Roman Empire). The

war that actually consisted of (3)small armies fighting limited battles. The war quickly became a  
chaotic power struggle for domination of continental Europe. The Hapsburg empire failed in it's  
attempt at conquest and the Counter Reformation ebbed with the defeat of it's supporters. The last  
major religious conflict in Europe ended in 1648. The Thirty Years' War was actually a small war

### The Stoning of the Mind

war because they were  
just the tail end of the  
the driving force behind  
side and the Protestant  
church, the Catholic ca  
Because the Hapsburg  
forced to side with the  
destroy all of the Proti  
a favorable peace trea  
continuation of the ec  
win and yet not win?

They take you, one out of the group  
They put you in the circle  
They insult you, berate you,  
Tell you your faults  
And when they're done  
You feel strangely fulfilled  
A part of you gone,  
A part replaced,  
All for your own Good

-DarkStarr

The war was fought on two fronts: religious and economic  
socially, but lacked the economic stamina to fight against countries like the Netherlands who  
money to buy armies, and would not yield to religious pressures. The Thirty Years' War sta  
out because of religious reasons but the fact that religious boundaries determined the peace  
accords at Westphalia shows that the religious

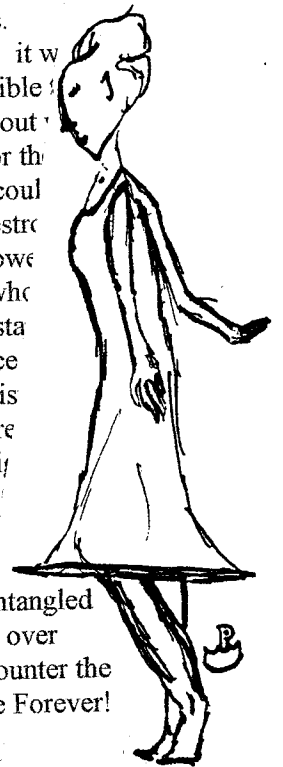
have  
of E  
and  
chur  
Hap  
Ger  
with  
Eur  
three

### Ode to my Toothbrush

such soft and supple plastic  
remember that night  
scrubbed my hot teeth free of plaque

~ post-parsimoniously princesca priscilla,  
creole soup and Lermontov, didn't I tell you?

oned as many his  
a whole, it covere  
, physically, reli  
teformation the  
, with the Cath  
anish, Swedish,  
cause became entangled  
anted hegemony over  
Protestants to counter the  
udents. IB Pride Forever!

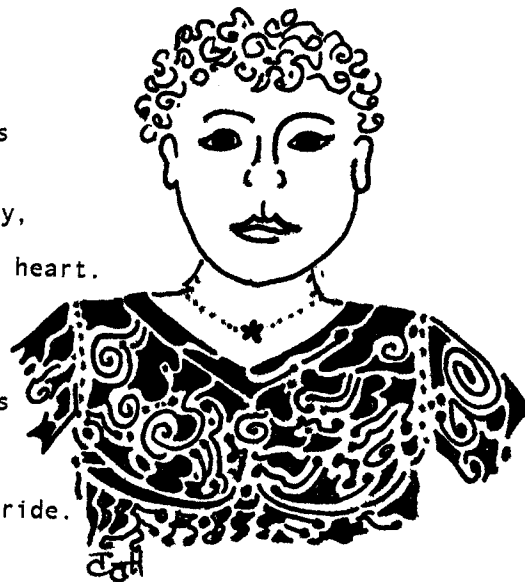


40. Butcher
41. Baker
42. Candlestick  
maker
43. Pirate
44. Athletic theme
45. Teacher
46. Homer Simpson
47. Bart Simpson
48. Lisa Simpson
49. Marge Simpson
50. O.J. Simpson
51. Bagpiper
52. Goth
53. Grunge
54. Rocker
55. Skater
56. Jet setter
57. Trend setter
58. Irish setter
59. Monster
60. Headless  
Horseman
61. Pippi  
Longstockings
62. Mafia
63. Gang member
64. Spy
65. Detective
66. Cowboy
67. Indian
68. Native American
69. African American
70. Asian American
71. European  
American
72. South American
73. Canadian
74. Jamaican  
Bobsledder
75. Pragmatist
76. Existentialist



I'm gonna be tough.  
 With giant strides I'll swallow your efforts,  
 and you will be reduced to my worship.  
 I won't carry books, but notes  
 and I'll look you in the eye and dismiss you.  
 You'll come back to me, and I'll incline my head slightly  
 for your benefit.  
 My works will speak for me and they will serve to enchant you.  
 nemesis

I shall be free.  
 Dancing alone always  
 with nimble feet and graceful arms.  
 My flowing dress will brush your legs  
 and my hair will blow in the breeze,  
 mixing with yours.  
 I will drink only water, eat only honey,  
 and speak only of my home.  
 I shall leave you at dawn with a song in my heart.  
 Nemesis



I will be silly.  
 Hysterical laughter will fill our days  
 and we'll spin around and around  
 holding hands till we fall down.  
 I'll cling to you and tell you jokes  
 and we'll bring our friends along for the ride.  
 When the day is done we'll smile,  
 from behind the eyes,  
 and sleep deeply, and separately.  
 nemesis

I can be honest.  
 Heads bowed we'll sit in various cafés  
 and speak rapidly and intensely of ourselves.  
 I'll drink in your essence and give you mine to sip.  
 Strangely, I will never know you,  
 just how my reflection came back from yours.  
 It will frighten me to see you reflect my thoughts in physical form,  
 but I know I taught you that trick.  
 nemesis

Frogs read every English dictionary on Monday,  
 in school. Some lizards always vote:  
 environmental republican yuppies!

77. Ideologue
78. Telemarketer
79. Communist
80. Viet Cong
81. Fallen Gong
82. King Kong
83. Wiccan
84. Hacker
85. Cracker
86. Rapper
87. Gigolo
88. Prostitute
89. Jackie Chan
90. Ninja
91. Clown
92. Aladdin
93. Skull Head
94. Scream Theme
95. Knight w/ shining armor
96. Knight w/o shining armor
97. Dinosaur
98. Dragon
99. Damsel
100. Dotard
101. Derelict
102. Domestic
103. Diviner
104. Diva
105. Brown-noser
106. God
107. Angel
108. Ruffian
109. Ghost of Halloween past
110. Y2K compatible
111. Y2K un-compatible

—Jack + Henry

I have recently found myself lying in bed trying to fall asleep, when a dark, gut-wrenching thought enters my consciousness. This scary realization is a product of my skepticism of religion and my reliance on modern principles of science and reason to explain my existence. While I lay warm, under my covers, my skin crawls and goes cold; my mind churns: "Is this really all?" By this time I do know that sleep is far and the answer to this eternal question, farther.

"How foolish they are," I usually think, "so confident that they know the word of God. There is no proof for what they believe in." sure of my enlightened superiority my thoughts continue, "How could anyone be so gullible as to totally believe in an outdated, disproved, two thousand year old document?" but now that I lay in bed, faced with the question of eternity, I wish that I too were fooled.

The question of what happens after you pass from this earth is a particularly frightening one for a non-believer like me. Using all I know of logic and earthly examples, my hypothesis is: my mind, body and spirit will be, with logical brutality, cut from the fabric of the universe, never to return. I can barely begin to grasp this concept, because with each second of thought on the subject I grow more and more terrified.

What is the point of this life, if forever afterwards there is nothing? The only reason to maintain this existence is to thwart Hades and the nothingness he brings for a few more comparatively short years. I assume that with this question, ( among other things), came the first attempts at religion. Religion was, and remains necessary because if everyone believed that this life is inconsequential all attempts at social structure would be doomed to fail. Even the Greeks, our model of reason, constructed an afterlife. Although the aspects of the Greek underworld were grim, they are heavenly in comparison to eternal nothingness.

Looking through the eyes of a person who believes that this life is just a stay from the final execution, the world seems absurd. How can people laugh when in fifty years they will cease to exist? The thought of living on in the hearts of loved ones is unfulfilling, if you don't exist in any capacity how can this be of any consolation? In the mind of a realist the only worthwhile endeavors are those which will prolong life, hopefully forever, or at least for a few more precious seconds.

Still in my bed, I begin to think of immortality, the holy grail of the human spirit. 'How great to live forever.' We all think, but this is not the case. If you could infinitely maintain your existence you may have cheated death, but not hell. In time you would have expired everything in existence. This would leave you in an inescapable prison of nothingness, not unlike the fate that awaits mortals. Perhaps immortality would be an even worse path, eventually an immortal would be forced to deal with their nothingness. The immortal would be cursed forever, forced to go on in nothing for nothing.

In any way, this is not a happy scenario, the painful logic of these thoughts leave me longing to be "duped" by religion. I roll over in bed, and hope that there is a God, or something, that will save me from the nothingness. If there is no God, I wish that I could, at least, believe that I will be saved, until I enter the void.

- Justinian In Genoa

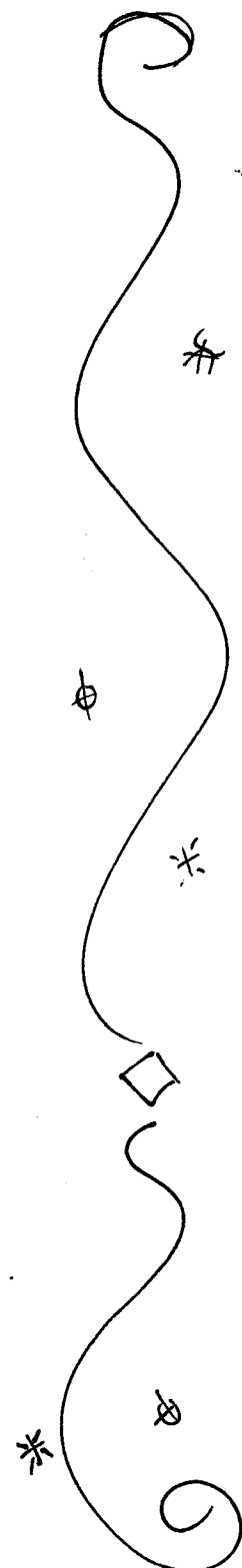
## Rain Elephants and Lies

Inside the rain  
I caught Kevlar.  
Eyes down, too heavy.  
End school? Choose hope.

Old, out, lazy.  
All new acorns;  
renegade comrades;  
hell yes!

Remove umbrellas:  
Late electric sounds  
down orange trains,  
half in Somalia.  
Hungry animals  
hate air.

Ossacip Olbap





## Dedicated to Someone Unimportant

I had it, was holding it in my hands. I was blissfully happy to catch it after searching for so long. I knew the perfect equilibrium for only a moment in time, seeming like eternity, yet only for a fleeting instant. And then it escaped my grasp, sending all order into oblivion. It scurried away to the outer limits of my vision and then danced there in the impenetrable haze, taunting me. I tried chasing after it, but it eluded me, always resting just beyond the reach of the here and now. I was unconsolable, my loss consumed me. Maybe it's not for me to have. I sometimes get a glimpse, but by the time I run to where it was, it is already gone. This loss, this lack occasionally consumes me, and others become upset because I don't see the world as a happy place, like they do. They get worried, afraid that maybe they were wrong, and maybe life is filled with sorrow as well as joy. I soon retain control of myself and put on a happy mask, the smiling muse's face, so that I don't upset these poor people anymore. Maybe one day I will again find it, the understanding I've been searching for, but for now I must be satisfied with the tasteless food I'm given, that provides no nourishment. Self-pity and Apathy make an odd combination.

-Stumblebum

Many a night I have rolled the blanket up to my neck and stared up at the ceiling, unable to will the ghost of sleep to descent upon my waiting eyes. During these long hours my thoughts turn inward, and I have contemplated death and my life in the distant future. I compare myself to my parents, and I compare myself to my grandparents. I wonder how I will act, what I will be like as a senior citizen, as a person of over 40 years of age.

My main worry so far has been one of crippling conditions and illnesses. Arthritis seeping into my joints, making every movement painful. Something I've heard of in the papers, diabetes, and all of the terrible things it can do to you. I have wondered if I will have my health until the very end, or if I will spend my senior days in a home for 40-somethings, being force-fed mashed up bananas and baby food. Even after all of those late-night think sessions, I still do not come up to a conclusion.

So around fourth period the next school day I remember my question of the long-lost night, and I slip back into a contemplative mode. I remember reading about people who have lived well beyond the stage of senior citizenry, into their sixties and seventies. Some of these people are hooked up to tubes and machines day and night, equipped with mysterious machines called pacemakers. I wonder if it is true that pacemakers can cause an airplane to crash, and if they do how a person can turn them off if they are "installed" in their chests.

I continue this line of thought into fifth and sixth period. I have decided that I will be the most active senior citizen that has ever been, save the few exceptions like Robert Redford and Sean Connery, both of whom I just learned long ago celebrated their 50<sup>th</sup> birthdays.

No senior citizens have ever been convicted of a crime. This I know because all of the criminals on the television cop shows are in their middle thirties or younger. I will install a water spigot on my porch, and sit with one hand on the turn wheel. Then when youngins' (a word that I have picked up from senior citizens in books and television movies) pass by I will turn on the hose and my strategically placed water hose will drench the youngins' with water from within my hydrangeas. I don't know what a hydrangea is, but I'm guessing it is something like a rhododendron, which I have seen in a magazine in a dentist office once.

When I am in my declining years I will walk to the downtown bus station and sit on benches there. Then when people sit down next to me I will cough violently and drool on the person, and sniff and wheeze because that's what all of the senior citizens I meet at bus stations seem to do. I will hold my cane, which I need because all senior citizens over 40 need canes, and I will trip youngins' when they pass by so they don't go off and do all of their shenanigans (another word I learned on TNT).

Yes, this is what I will be like as a senior. I will probably learn more things that I am supposed to do as I continue to become exposed to more seniors magazines. I heard yesterday that a senior citizen was guilty of robbing a bank, which sounds like a lot of fun. With any luck by the time I'm 40 I will be too old to prosecute.



## Its what you make of it

By Peanut-Butter Pixie

Flying pigs glide by,  
Through endless skies of blue.  
Past dancing leprechauns,  
And children in a shoe.

A butterfly alights  
Upon one candy cane,  
Among the many treats  
That decorate the lane

A wolf runs swiftly past  
But you have no red hood,  
So he continues on  
And things seem as they should

"Wait this isn't right!" you think,  
As you view it all  
"Pigs can't really fly"  
And suddenly they fall

You look about confused,  
"A candy path? A leprechaun?"  
You doubt their reality,  
And immediately they're gone.

You slowly close your mind,  
To such fantastical things.  
There are no giant shoes,  
No magical fairy kings.

Proud to be so sensible,  
To have grown up so much,  
You scorn the childish people,  
Who believe in elves and such.

Now as you look around,  
The world seems bleak and sad.  
Yet you find yourself unable,  
To recapture what you had.

Often though, You get the urge  
To just lay back and dream,  
Of wonderful magic places,  
Where things aren't what they seem.

As you continue on in life  
Try to not fully forget,  
Those childish dreams: fantasies.  
Reality is what you make of it.

The park  
around me swirls  
the bold colors of day  
bright, full, but meek.  
you hold my eyes  
like the bold dark of night  
sweet, thick, but powerful.  
we stand, just so far apart  
the energy surging between  
holding and compelling, not forcing, trust.  
i have the power to decide for myself  
but I choose to let go  
and enjoy you, your presence and love, for once.  
time seems to stand  
to leave me for this moment  
i give you my hand, my arm, myself.  
the embrace and the kiss  
though I should, I feel no shame  
with the trees, leaves, the grass.  
to all the world it would seem we're together  
but as the swirling continues  
we stop, and look, and just know.  
10/12/98

More Lies For Me  
I can't think of any more lies for myself.  
That's how simple I am.  
So simple that nothing is wrong  
and truth still exists.  
That is how stupid I have become.  
So ignorant that I believe people  
and the my shoes their ways.  
Even when there are other paths  
I can not see them  
because I listen to  
the teachers  
and they  
teach me  
to listen  
to them  
and  
I  
do.

Niaboc Truk

My angel came, and was gone as fast.  
 Something that good couldn't last forever.  
 He penetrated my barriers, the walls  
 I put up to protect myself.  
 He made his way to the inside,  
 To a place where I couldn't hide from his love.  
 He found my pain and dissolved it.  
 I could let go of my regret and sorrow.  
 My heart unburdened, no longer locked down,  
 Now empty, he crawled inside me; filled me up.  
 His scent hovered in the air,  
 A heavy sweet nothingness that covered me like a blanket.  
 His arms wrapped around me, so firm.  
 He made me feel safe and needed.



Was I meant to know him,  
 So to know what love was?  
 The intense emotion I felt for him far surpassed  
 Any other emotion I had ever felt (pain, anger, regret, infatuation)  
 I only had a few moments with him  
 That now serve as my only memories of him.  
 My former grief for those few moments gone,  
 But now replaced by a new agony of lost passion.  
 My brief happiness, my moment of light,  
 Upon his departure were replaced by shadows.  
 Now only a longing - for him and the way he made me feel, remains.  
 A feeling I never knew existed, before I knew him.

'The smell would  
 only be bad in  
 warm months'

Those who have eaten from the tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil,  
 Consumed the forbidden fruit,  
 Must live with the knowledge they now possess.  
 Is it better to experience the epitome of happiness  
 For a brief moment, and spend the rest of your life  
 Longing to experience it again,  
 Or to never possess the knowledge that it was possible to feel that way.  
 You would never experience that feeling of happiness,  
 But you would also never know the shadow of longing  
 That followed once it past.  
 Those who say it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all,  
 Have never loved and lost.

**'THANKS FOR  
 THE VIBES YOU  
 BROUGHT US'**

## Deliverance & Temptation

It's so hard to know that

when you fuck up

when you disappoint one more time

when you break one more rule

that deliverance was but a few steps away

Many times I have seen the light and not followed it

Deliverance has often spat in my face while temptation embraced me whole

And the others...

those that do embrace temptation but without consequence...

they dance and sing until the only thing holding them steady is a mixture of unabridged indecency and reckless privilege

fun

While they bathe in the sweet waters of youth

I find myself trapped, the waters trickling only onto my fingertips

Oh but of course...this is all for good

groomed to suffer now and yet live successfully...later...as an **adult**

so that I may look back on my childhood,

my youth

and wish I would have done the things I wanted to do

to follow temptation

to dance and sing

unabridged indecency and reckless privilege

sex, money, drugs, cars, girls, clothes, alcohol, sex

to fuck up

to be free

- C the Shoveled Gal

19

### Night's Revelation

I don't see the face before me,

There is nothing but a blur there.

When the wind blows to restore me,

You fade away in the night's air.

The Time is near . . . the Time is right.

What's said is said; what's done is done.

We melt together by moon light,

And when morning comes, we're not there.

The bird has flown, and spread its wings

No longer dwelling on today.

We used to talk of silly things -

We loved each other in our way.

But Time does change too soon, too fast.

Feelings of comfort turn to pain.

Time is spent, and ours has past.

Our hearts washed clean by the new rain.

ALKAT

Pain and Revenge  
Whatever doesn't kill you,  
Makes you stronger,  
Perhaps I am,  
Perhaps I'm dead,  
I would give it all up,  
To do it all over again.  
Fear, pulsing, pounding, fear,  
Cowering, waiting, dreading,  
Praying, escaping, lying,  
Crying, crying, counting,  
Helpless, wondering, blaming,  
Fear, pulsing, pounding, fear.  
I feel the pain,  
Just like it was yesterday,  
I want to give that pain back,  
In sweet revenge,  
But I am stuck here,  
With all my tears.  
Fear, pulsing, pounding, fear,  
Cowering, waiting, dreading,  
Praying, escaping, lying,  
Crying, crying, counting,  
Helpless, wondering, blaming,  
Fear, pulsing, pounding, fear.  
I want to curl up,  
And let the world go by,  
I want to go away,  
And never return,  
I am left here with no one,  
Only the question why.



## Wrath of the Evil Janitors

### Lies

As my mind runs over all you've ever said to me, I doubt the purity of your motives once more. Those three simple words, whispered softly from your lips, held closely to my ear, seem cold, almost evil. Caressing softly as they penetrate my inner being, they send chills through my soul. "I love you" you claim. Yet of what use are such words when the eyes, those soulful windows, show the truth? Why do you lie? Taking such a wonderful feeling, a sacred thought, and turning it into meaningless mush, reeking of foul desecration. You break down my defenses, My barriers, and wreak havoc on the sanity that once reigned in my mind. I push you away, breaking the spell of your seduction, tearing out pieces of my being in a desperate attempt to free myself from your grasp. Fleeing in panic, my mind runs away from all rationality. My soul screams in agony as it realizes that something vital to life is now missing. You have stolen part of me with your violation of my trust, and retreating to the farthest, most secluded corner of existence, I cower at the thought of such injustice. Turning inside myself, I attempt to erect shields against your cruelty. Chaos is rampant as your cold calculating evil penetrates my shell. I squeeze my eyes shut in terror when the blackness of hell rises up to surround me. Silently screaming, I surrender and the yawning maw of the world engulfs my soul.

Woke up this mornin'  
It was dark and grey  
My bed felt cold and empty  
My baby left me for T.O.K.

When I got to Calculus  
Wanted to snuggle under my desk  
My baby was doing limits-  
God I'm so sexually repressed!!

Oh I go the bourgeois white girl  
IB diploma blues

Oh yeah  
And if I actually had a baby  
Some of this just might be true

Then I got to Russian  
Where I flirt without shame  
He never understands a work I say  
He's and illegal alien from the Ukraine

I slept all through english  
Don't think I was missed  
We've got no motivation  
Hey Swift! Satirize THIS!

I've got the psuedo intellectual  
IB diploma blues - oh yeah

And then it was lunchtime  
So I went to the pit  
I spilled milk on my khakis  
While discussing weird existentialist shit

I got home that evening slept 'til it was time for bed  
I didn't do my homework  
I psycho-analyzed my wallpaper instead

Oh I've got these meglomaniacal  
IB diploma blues - oh yeah  
I'm so full of bullshit  
I can barely tie my shoes

Mocking Eyes.  
Why do you stare at me?  
Moody Skies  
As far as I can see  
Anguished Cries  
Pain consumes me  
Dark Lies  
Trapped by Destiny  
Long Sighs  
Will this always be?  
Hope Dies  
Will I ever be free?

-Peanut-butter Pixie

### A journal to the omnipresent Plural

Together. Something which must be stronger than I am. Something whose need to live, whose thirst for vitality must be stronger than mine, in its great collective nature. Something more important. To you (as in Russia one might say, vui, which is to say you, all of you), I speak. My performance is a lifelong endeavor. What do you think of my show? Bravissimo, again. Or simply look away.

Simply because I'm alone tonight. Simply because I sit here alone. Simply because I sit. Sitting, I remain alone. Simply because a person is not a plurality. "A person is not worth more than I. An opinion is nothing, save that of you, they, the omnipresent Plural.

Simply that a fire burns alone once set, do I  
And falling that sinking that floating don't I  
So I won't give or take.

I shy from your voice. Yet need your answers. Tell me I am you. Within you. Tell me I am your whole. I may give and take of myself.

*Whose blood is made of tiny blue flowers)  
(Whose eyes sparkle like syrup-soaked pancakes)*

and the page #'s fade....



"Can't you do *anything*?" I screamed at his dumbfounded face. The music playing in the background was soft and soothing, piano music with an alternative singer. I couldn't stand any more of where I was, the pain of being stuck with someone I only liked half of the time, the pain of being in a world that couldn't take who he was, couldn't understand why he did the things that he did. I myself couldn't understand everything, but I knew him some, and I knew that he was scared and didn't mean to do what he did.

"Why don't you just *give up*?" I yelled again at him. The tears had started to flow down his cheeks, and there was no tissue I could give him, nothing to wipe up the wetness that revealed everything and yet nothing. The radio was playing something more happy now, but it just made me all the more angry than before. I wanted to hit him so bad, anything to stop the pain- his pain as well as my own. His sandy bangs were long enough to cover the black and blue mark that was swelling his left blue eye closed, a mark that I knew he was afraid of, as well as the person who gave it to him. I wouldn't add to that bruise though, as much as I wanted to.

"It's all your *own* fault. You only have *yourself* to blame!" I cried at him, trying to get a reaction, anything more than tears. He looked up at me with pain in his eyes, at least the one he could still open. I remembered that night, the night that he had given into the pressure and had gotten drunk. The night that he had given into his feelings. The night that I had found him in some guy's lap, the two of them making out. Word had gotten around, especially after it had happened again, and he had gotten his ass kicked. I had tried to tell him that he wasn't gay, but something in him had known all along. I suppose even I knew all along, but I didn't want to admit it any more than he had. Less, if any.

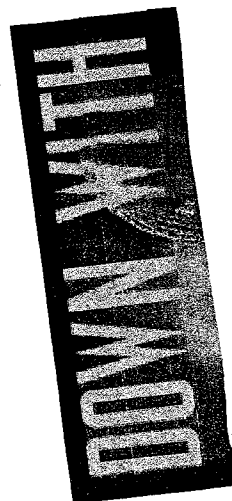
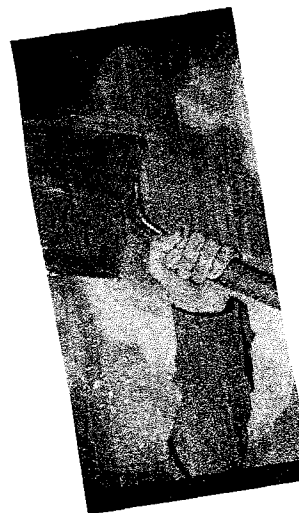
"I can't believe how *stupid* you are!" I shouted again, raising my arms, shaking my fist at him. He didn't cower or flinch, my actions only brought on more tears. I turned away, I couldn't take anymore of this. I crumbled to the floor, exhausted with being angry, but still not understanding it all. That was what hurt me the most. He was so different than how I had known him to be before. The damned piano music was still playing, it must be Tori Amos I realized. The rage flew in me again, he should be listening to hard rock or punk rock, anything but this "girly" music. No other guy I knew listened to this stuff. It was why he was getting in trouble.

"You should have been more *careful*!" I screamed for the last time, turning back around to look at him. He had sat down too, tears still coming down his face. He was ugly like this, and I just wanted to leave. I couldn't though. After the party he hadn't just made out with the guy, he had followed him home and they had done it together. I talked to him later, and I knew that he was feeling really dirty about it, just horrible. What I said must have just killed him, but I had to say it. A few days later, the guy had come up to him and apologized and told him that he was sorry for any harm, but he thought he should tell him that he probably had AIDS. He checked, and he had HIV. I talked to him for at least an hour that night.

"I'm sorry. I don't know what to do." He whimpered at me, the first words I had heard from him since I began yelling. We were alone in the house, otherwise I wouldn't have been so loud or bold. He didn't know what to tell his parents, they didn't know that he was gay and they didn't know that he was dying. What could one tell their parents? I was sorry that I had yelled at him, after all, I should have been there to support him. I just couldn't do that though. I was still too angry. He was a beautiful young man, why him?

"No?" We both sobbed in unison. I went to reach out for him, to take his shoulder and lend support, maybe even to give him a hug, but my hand hit glass. I had been talking to my reflection in the big mirror in my room. There was nobody to put his hand out to help me up, nobody for me to talk to, nobody to yell at me, nobody left to love me. I was alone in this, alone in talking to my parents, alone. They would find me later tonight, with my bruised eye and I would have to tell them. I was too attractive and too much of a good student for them to believe that I had done it out of anger, not to mention the fact that I couldn't lie.

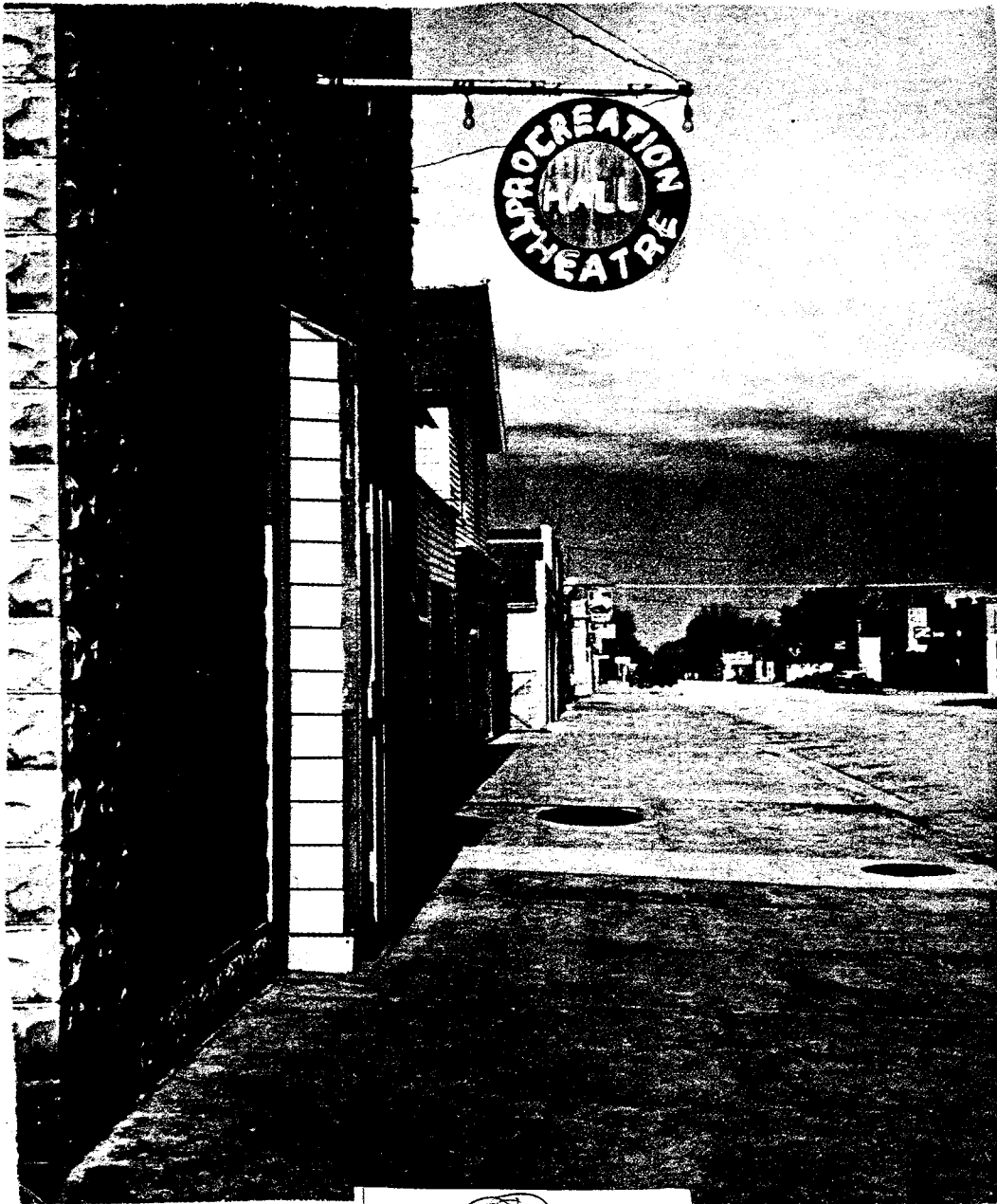
: Meadowl the Magnificent :



... into oblivion ...

We all have defenses. Emotional shells we hide our selves inside. Opening up to someone often involves great risk. Rejection, betrayal, disappointment are all things that one might get hurt by, if you love with your whole self. We often don't connect, we often don't see what the other person is thinking, because of our own shells, and thiers. There is so much miscommunication. So many misconceptions. If we could open up and let ourselves be vulnerable, we would love to a greater and deeper extent, but we'd also run the risk of feeling the pain of a deeper wound.

67% ALKAT



...because....



|               |   |
|---------------|---|
| Name of Club: | <u>STRIP CLUB: THE HENRY FOSS FREE LOVE COMMUNE</u> |
| Advisor:      | <u>THE PEOPLE UNITED IN LOVE</u>                    |

PURPOSE AND GOALS OF THIS CLUB:

1. PROMOTE CASUAL SEXUAL LIASONS BETWEEN EQUAL AND CONSENTING MAMAS AND PAPAS
2. COMBAT ASEXUAL LUMPDOM IN FOSS STUDENT BODY
3. CREATE POSITIVE, CLOTHING-OPTIONAL ENVIRONMENT
4. KEEP KIDS OFF STREETS THROUGH PROMISCUOUS SEX
5. HAPPINESS, MAN!

MEMBERSHIP REQUIREMENTS:

1. THE FIRST RULE OF STRIP CLUB IS DON'T TALK ABOUT STRIP CLUB
2. THE SECOND RULE OF STRIP CLUB IS DON'T TALK ABOUT STRIP CLUB
3. LOVE ALL MAMAS AND PAPAS
4. IF YOUR PARTNER(S) GO LIMP, STOP.

REQUIRED USE OF SCHOOL FACILITIES:

1. FREE ACCESS AND USE OF ROOM HENCEFORTH CALLED "THE LOVE PIT"
2. MATTRESSES, GLYCERIN, GLOWSTICKS, WHIPPED CREAM, LSD

Club Officers:

1. (Pres.) PAPA BUNNY WITH NO PANTS
2. (V-Pres.) MAMA EDITOR (GOD HELP US ALL)
3. (Rep.) PADRE DIABLO, EL SANITOR
4. MAMA BITTER AND BIPOLAR
5. PAPA JOHN (I JUST WANT A DATE)
6. MAMA KIDNEY DISORDER

Approved by Senate:

President Dr. Frankenfurter  
(Signature)

11/99  
(Date)

CHARTER.DOC



... well...

# WHY BARBIE SHOULD BE DESTROYED

by Mildly Evil Ogre

I believe the doll line named "Barbie" is an evil entity that should be destroyed. It is a toy that is given to young impressionable children who don't realize the danger it represents. It is made and distributed by cruel and sadistic capitalistic toy manufacturers. I believe all Barbies should be destroyed, and I hope you will see my point.

The capitalist pigs who manufacture and distribute Barbie have no sense of humor, don't take criticism well, and will do anything to make money. They take advantage of current events to bring out a new line, like the Princess Diana Collectors Edition Barbie. They forced the musical group Aqua to recall millions of albums and singles that had the song "Barbie Girl" on them because they didn't like the song.

Barbie can apparently have any job she wants. She has been an astronaut, a dentist, a teacher and many more occupations, all apparently without a college education. She is completely unqualified for all of those positions. Why don't they have a janitorial worker Barbie? Why not a fast food restaurant worker Barbie? Why not a waitress Barbie? Why not a taxi driver Barbie?

I have noticed that every few months a new line of Barbie gets married to Ken. How is that possible? I have come up with several conclusions. Barbie and Ken could be really unstable, so they can keep getting divorced and remarried. Barbie could be marrying multiple Kens, meaning she is a bigamist. That's not necessarily bad, but under current United States laws that is illegal.

My most disturbing theory though, is Barbie marries rich Kens and then kills them. Do we want children to be around these disturbing influences?

Barbie has a younger sister named Skipper, who is four years old. Skipper weighs more than Barbie. Giving the Barbie doll to young children and exposing them to these unreachable standards can lead to mental conditions such as anorexia and bulimia. Think how many lives these dolls have destroyed!

In conclusion, I believe all Barbies should be recalled, put in a big vat and melted. Please go to your nearest government office and lodge a complaint.

## Points to Ponder

Given: the set of numbers, starting from zero and going to the positive side of the number line, is infinite. The other set of numbers, starting from zero and going down to the negative side of the number line, is also infinite. Now move the starting point of these two infinite sets of numbers, from zero to one. Still the amount of numbers greater than one are infinite, and the numbers less than one are also infinite. However, is the set of numbers greater than one *less* than the amount of numbers less than one, since you took one number from one set and added it to the other?

If you place a regular calculator (not the clear, overhead kind) on an overhead projector and do an equation, and you have x-ray vision, can you sit in the classroom and see through the projection on the screen to the answer on the calculator?

Would the world's *longest* kiss actually between the person that donates his tongue to medicine and the woman who receives the tongue in a tongue-transplant surgery?

Time travel. Do we really want it? What would happen to the world if someone goes back in time and discovers that the Bible was originally a bi-weekly magazine for recovering alcoholics in the British Isles, and someone compiled all of the articles into a big book to be sold at jousting competitions?

Overpopulation will become an increasing problem in the next century. If something is not done to check the exponential population growth, the world will become desolate and inhabitable. So why not make Russian Roulette an Olympic Sport, hand out cigarettes and marijuana in elementary schools, and in the words of Bill Watterson, make "cannibalism grounds for leniency in murders since it's less wasteful."

... You really don't

## Constitutional Amendment

Submitted and Pertaining to date of 20<sup>th</sup> of October, year of 1999

**Article 1:** This amendment will henceforth slow the speed of the reader board in the cafeteria to a speed more acceptable for the reading of practical jokes and unwanted birthday announcements.

**Section 1:** The reader board on the side of the school adjacent to Snake Lake will be open to purchased sayings of students. Prices will be decided by the ASB counsel.

**Article 2:** Will provide current House of Representatives the electoral power to take a vote of no confidence in the man or woman currently employed under the title of School Janitor (see *EviD*).

**Section 1:** A two-thirds majority vote will send a referendum to the Principal suggesting reforms and changes to the conduct and position of the School Janitor, the changes of which will be decided upon by an open floor debate in the House.

**Subsection 1:** Each member will have up to two minutes on the floor; the floor will be closed and a vote counted after a general invitation for additional comment upon the floor is taken and not responded to after a count of three.

**Article 3:** Amendment will henceforth provide for the representation of two-thirds of the student body of Foss currently under-represented by the current Constitution, through the establishment of new, additional chambers of student representational, which will be known as the House of Representatives and the Congress.

**Section 1:** This body of students, which hold a majority of the populace of the Team classes under roll call in the school agenda schedule, will select two members from each second period class, based upon an absent vote.

**Subsection 1:** The two members of each class that receive the fewest votes will be elected to the House. In the case of a two-way tie both students involved will be elected to the House. In a three-way tie or greater all those involved will be sent to the House; each student will represent the apathetic views and positions of their classmates.

**Section 2:** The new House of Representatives and Senate will be distinguished from the existing House and Senate through the prefix of the word *Slacker*.

**Section 3:** The House of Representatives will elect members that will comprise the Senate. The ratio of members of the House of Representatives to members of the Senate will henceforth be a ratio of three to one, to ensure that the trend of members of these aforementioned House and Senate to breed like rabbits does not overflow into the ranks of the honorable Senate.

**Section 4:** The powers of the House and Senate will be restricted to the designing of the House and Senate logos, the appointing of positions of authority within the House and Senate, positions of which will be duly appointed as the members see fit, and the announcing of the Skateboarder Club meet scores in the daily morning announcements. This is to ensure that those that have no opinions and stakes in the daily running of the school do not interfere with the running of the school, based solely on jealous malice.

**Article 4:** The hallways of the High School building will be open to students and faculty members until the time of five thirty in the afternoon, to allow students returning from representing their school in sports and other noble activities to access their lockers without the torment, dread, and constant chance of capture previously only felt by Jewish citizens in Occupied Poland.

Wombats eat hairy and very edible underarms near  
indoor telephones earning dollars!

X-RAM

...want to know...

## Taking Care of the Pet

Dear sitter,

Thank you for taking care of Sammy for four weeks. I will be gone on a business trip to the southern regions of Mongolia, so I will be unable to be contacted in case of emergency. I am sure there will be no problems, however, as long as all the easy instructions I have listed below are followed.

### Respect

Please refer to Sammy only as Sammy. I have trained him to only respond to commands that are preceded by the word Sammy. I like to think of Sammy as a person, and so I treat him with the respect due a person.

### Feeding

Sammy has a rather voracious appetite. He requires forty two pounds, six ounces of grade A New York steak every half an hour. There is plenty of meat in the meat locker, which is located in the basement. If you run out, however, purchase more from *Al's Meats and Fire Arms*, which is located just down the street. I have arranged with Al to pay for the meat when I get back, so there should be no money problems.

IMPORTANT: keep the steel door to the basement locked at all times. I have left the combination on the telephone cabinet, but please memorize it and then eat the paper. If Sammy should find the door open (which used to be an old fire door on the USS Bismark), or get a look at the combination, he will rush downstairs and eat the entire contents of the 900 lb. meat locker. Please do your utmost to make sure that does not happen.

For drink Sammy has a water bowl located next to his feeding trough. Please keep his bowl maintained at a minimum of 42 gallons of Sammy's special drink mixture. His special brew, which has been calculated to be roughly 320 proof, is held in the old tanker railcar which is located in the basement next to the meat locker.

### Neighbors

Sammy has a rather hostile relationship with the neighbors. Several times Mr. Yaksen has fired on Sammy with a shotgun, but fortunately for everyone involved he hit Sammy's tail, which when injured detaches from Sammy's body, and Sammy grows a new one within 24 hours. Do not take Sammy on walks, and do not let him out into the yard when the neighbors are about. Several times Sammy has gotten loose and tried to attack the neighbors. If it wasn't for the 1,000 volt electric fence, I would have lost more than just the two neighbors in the last five years.

### Bathing

Sammy requires a bath daily, at exactly 4:32 in the afternoon. If you miss this time, Sammy grows irritated and tends to break things. The special shampoo and disinfectant is located in the cabinet just immediately to your left when you pass through the airlock into Sammy's bathing chamber. Simply pour the shampoo into the shampoo gun's ammunition tank (an old specifically modified fire hose), flip the pressure switch, and stand behind the fire wall. Remember that Sammy's baths should only take about fifteen minutes. If they take longer, there is a chance Sammy will miss a feeding. In case of such a terrible even, there are tranquilizer guns located every fifteen feet throughout the house. Please makes sure it doesn't come to this.

### Letting Sammy Into the Yard

Because of Sammy's appetite, he likes to be let out into the yard every so often to "do his business". This involves a special procedure on your part that, while might be confusing at first, should become almost routine.

1. Open the reinforced steel doors and let Sammy out into the yard. The remote for the door will work at a distance of up to three-quarters of a mile, so feel free to stand back.

2. Immediately proceed to the control room, and turn on the electric fence. Simply pull down the handle and press the large red button labeled *fence*. The lights may flicker, but that is normal.

3. Open the viewing channels and maintain surveillance of Sammy while he is out in the yard. If he begins to dig, or sees a squirrel, bird, or military cargo plane, proceed to step four. Otherwise, continue to step 7.

4. Start up the tranquilizer cannon and strap yourself into the targeting chair. Tracking Sammy can be a difficult job, but with good aim and a little bit of luck you should hit him on the third or fourth try. Be warned that the kickback of the tranquilizer gun is rather large, so be prepared for a jolt. Previous sitters have found that, if not properly strapped in, one can be impaled by the firing mechanism.

5. Once Sammy has been hit with the tranquilizer gun, he will be unconscious for seventy-two hours. The tranquilizer darts are extremely concentrated and the size of 32-inch battleship shells. The tranquilizer gun chamber holds only four darts, but more are located immediately to your left in the security chamber in case Sammy is unusually frisky. Please be careful when handling the darts, for a prick from the tip of a dart will have the same effect as drinking half a gallon of rubbing alcohol.

6. When Sammy wakes up, he will be groggy for several minutes, and should be rather docile for another several days. You should have no problem leading him back into the house and into his sleeping room, where he will take naps. Do not disturb Sammy while he is sleeping, because if he is woken up from a nap he will break

things.

7. Once Sammy has "done his business", open the doors and Sammy will walk back inside. Be sure to turn the electric fence off, or there is a chance Ms. Gregory from next door will touch the fence with her gardening spade when she tends her flower beds.

I hope these instructions have been clear. Again I thank you for taking care of Sammy for four weeks. I am sure there will be no major problems during this time. I will be getting back in town on the 22<sup>nd</sup>, and will be arriving home on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. If there are any problems on the 22<sup>nd</sup>, you can contact me. I will be able to be reached at the underground *Samson Nuclear War and Tornado Shelter*, which is located twenty miles outside of town. The phone number is on the phone table, next to the emergency numbers.

... i can tell by that saw look...



## UNBREAKABLE BONES

CONSCIENCE BECOMES SOMETHING MORE + USELESS TRADITIONS SINK UNDERFOOT  
IN LIGHT OF THIS

IN LIGHT OF THIS

HIS BEATEN FRAME AND

UNBREAKABLE BONES

THE DESIGNER OF MY FINGERS IN THE WOMB OF MY MOTHER

HIS WRISTS SPLIT BY THE COLD IRON... THE

ARCHITECT OF GALAXIES AND

CORRIDORS OF TIME

KICKED IN THE FACE

BRAGGED THROUGH THE DIRT

WHICH HE USED TO GIVE SIGHT

AND FORM MAN WITH HIS HANDS

TO BREATHE... BREATHE... BREATHE...

FASTENED TO THE TREE HIS PAIN NUTURED

GASPING FOR THE AIR, HE SPOKE INTO EXISTENCE

THERE I KNOW, AND I, THE WRETCH, TURN MY HEAD

CONSCIENCE BECOMES SOMETHING MORE

IN EIGHT OF THIS

- every sandal off

You're giving me right now...

Come hither dear Stella  
I've lost my umbrella  
Do meet this good fella  
Standing here in the rain

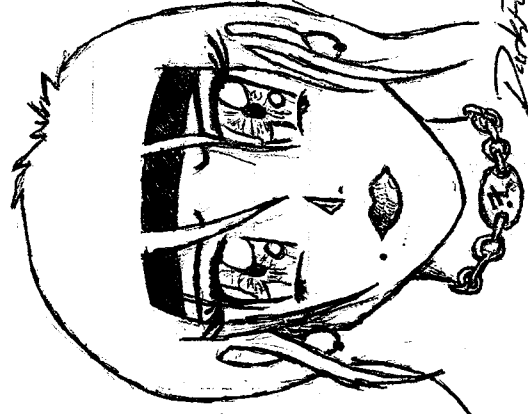
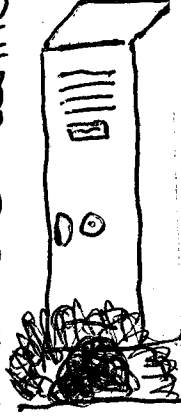
He's walking his poodle  
With leash made of noodle  
He drew you a doodle  
In the mud with his cane

Come see, he's quite pretty  
Though seemingly gritty  
He's so fucking witty  
I believe he's insane

Quickly come my sweet dear  
Do make haste to come near  
For he'll soon disappear  
And no more will remain

ALKAT

wrath of evil janitor:



# Punishments

Lashes

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Boys and Girls Playing Together .....                              | 4  |
| Fighting at School .....   | 5  |
| Quareling at School.....   | 5  |
| Gambleing or Betting at School .....                               | 4  |
| Playing Cards at School.....                                       | 10 |
| Climbing for Every Foot Over three Feet Up a Tree .....            | 1  |
| Telling Lies .....   | 7  |
| Telling Tales Out of School .....                                  | 8  |
| Giving Each Other Ill Names .....                                  | 3  |
| Swearing at School.....  | 8  |
| For Misbehaving to Girls .....                                     | 10 |
| For Drinking Spiritous Liquors at School .....                     | 8  |
| Making Swings and Swinging on Them .....                           | 7  |
| For Waring Long Finger Nails .....                                 | 2  |
| Misbehaving to Persons on the Road .....                           | 4  |
| For Going to Girls Play Places .....                               | 3  |
| Girls Going to Boys Play Places .....                              | 3  |
| Coming to School With Dirty Faces and Hands .....                  | 2  |
| For Calling Each Other Liars .....                                 | 4  |
| For Wrestling at School .....                                      | 4  |
| For Weting Each Other Washing at Playtime .....                    | 2  |
| Scuffling at School.....   | 4  |
| For Going and Playing about the Mill or Creek.....                 | 6  |
| For Going about the Barn or doing any Mischief about the Place.... | 7  |



...I'm just lazy...

Mwahahaha Mwahaha  
(Evil Laughing in back-  
ground) hahahaha...

IB Teachers

laughing at our  
misery in teach's  
lounge...

MUST MAKE IT TO DOOR...  
ALMOST THERE...

No time in the  
morning to  
style messy  
hair.

The pencil that  
"Disappeared" in 5th

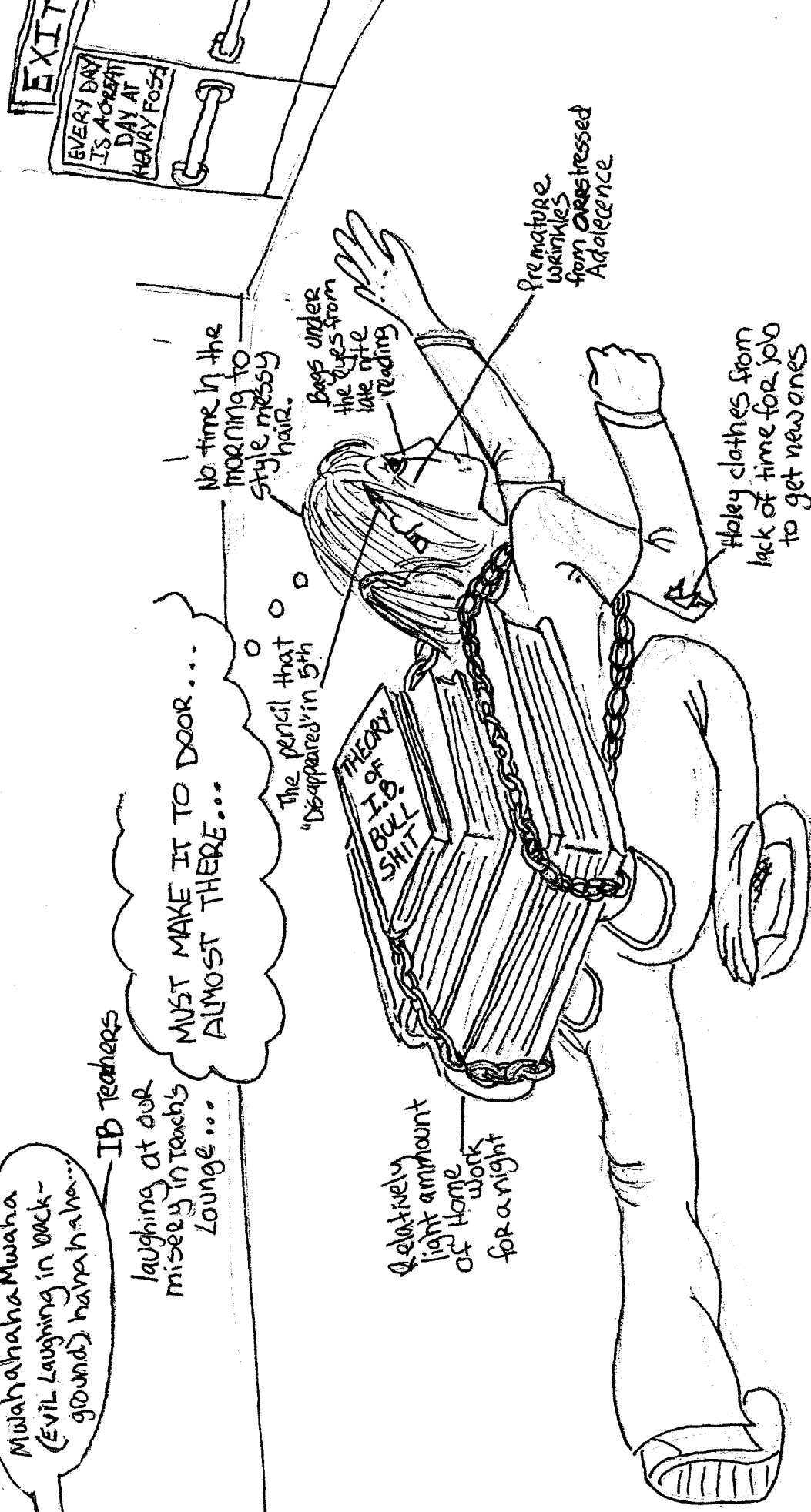
Bags under  
the eyes from  
late night  
reading

Relatively  
light amount  
of home  
work  
for a night

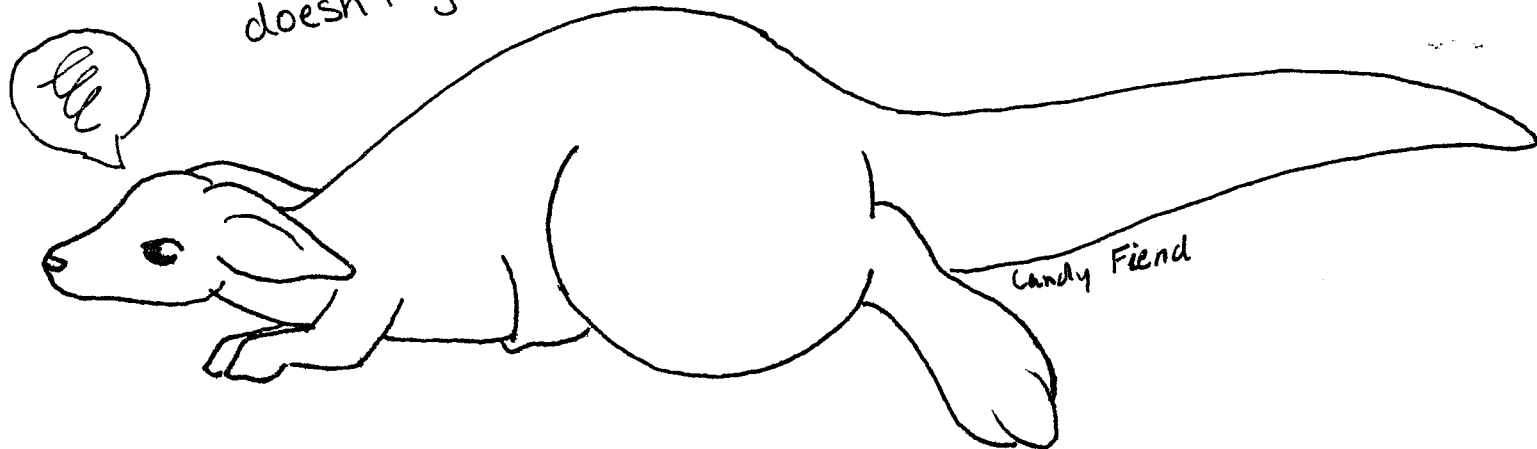
Premature  
wrinkles  
from over-stressed  
Adulthood

Holey clothes from  
lack of time for job  
to get new ones

# THE TYPICAL IB STUDENT



Don't you hate it when life  
doesn't go your way ???



### A Plea To The Writers of the Tabloid I.E.

One reason that the English language has produced some of the finest works of literary art the civilized world has ever known is our language's great flexibility. There are hundreds of thousands of words that can be used by a writer to explain, express, define, or convey any feeling or thought that one can conceive. The most basic concepts and the wildest, most abstract dreams can be explained in vivid life and detail through the English language.

As everyone knows, the future of our country and the planet is in the young generation. That is us. The future of our country lies in the future business leaders and politicians. The future of our sports teams lie in future athletes and coaches. The future of our language depends on the young speakers, writers, and poets of the language. A language changes as times and fads change. Words come into fashion, go out of fashion, enter and leave the dictionary. That is why we, as the future trend-setters of the American English language, must keep our principals intact.

On the pages of this magazine have passed countless words, countless thoughts, however deranged, and countless sentences portraying a variety of seemingly hallucinogen-induced dreams. Yet I have noticed that there has been a great influx of profanity and vulgar language in this once proud quasi-periodical. It appears that fluent, lyrical, concise prose is being replaced by harsh, brutal sentences portraying thoughts and ideas that would make Howard Stern blush.

Is our versatile language slowly wasting away, as the younger generation finds itself expressing its thoughts solely with curses and jeers? Are the only opinions that we have left ones of violence, sexual experimentation, and moronic horoscopes? There is nothing wrong with telling ASB its faults, there is nothing wrong with telling our principal what you think of his work. But if you are going to put your thoughts on paper, and put them onto the pages of this packet of paper, do it with style, grace, and some hint of competence.

I claim not the eloquence of E.B. White or the witty, subtle humor and intelligence of Mark Twain in my personal writing. I have read their writing, however, and they are a far cry from what is being published on young magazines throughout the country today, many like this one. In forty years we will be the writers of the country, and if our literature is crude and uninteresting, and our critics have grown up with crude, interesting literature, the English language will further its descent towards the articulation and flowing lyricism of Pig Latin.

This magazine is put on and submitted to by some of the brightest young minds this school is producing. I am worried to think that the International Baccalaureate Program is producing the future *National Inquirer* and *Chris Rock Live* copy writers. There are great things that can be expressed with the English language, and all of them can be said more beautifully and with more style and grace than with the vocabulary and the vulgarity that is being put on display in this magazine. A return to decent topics and imaginative prose would show that we are more brilliant than we present ourselves to be. A reduction in cursing would at least show we are not as neanderthal as we think we are.

...lazy...



"Who wrote this crap?"

# i.e. idiot editors

editor's note - 'oh, ouch.....'

...and I can't type ...

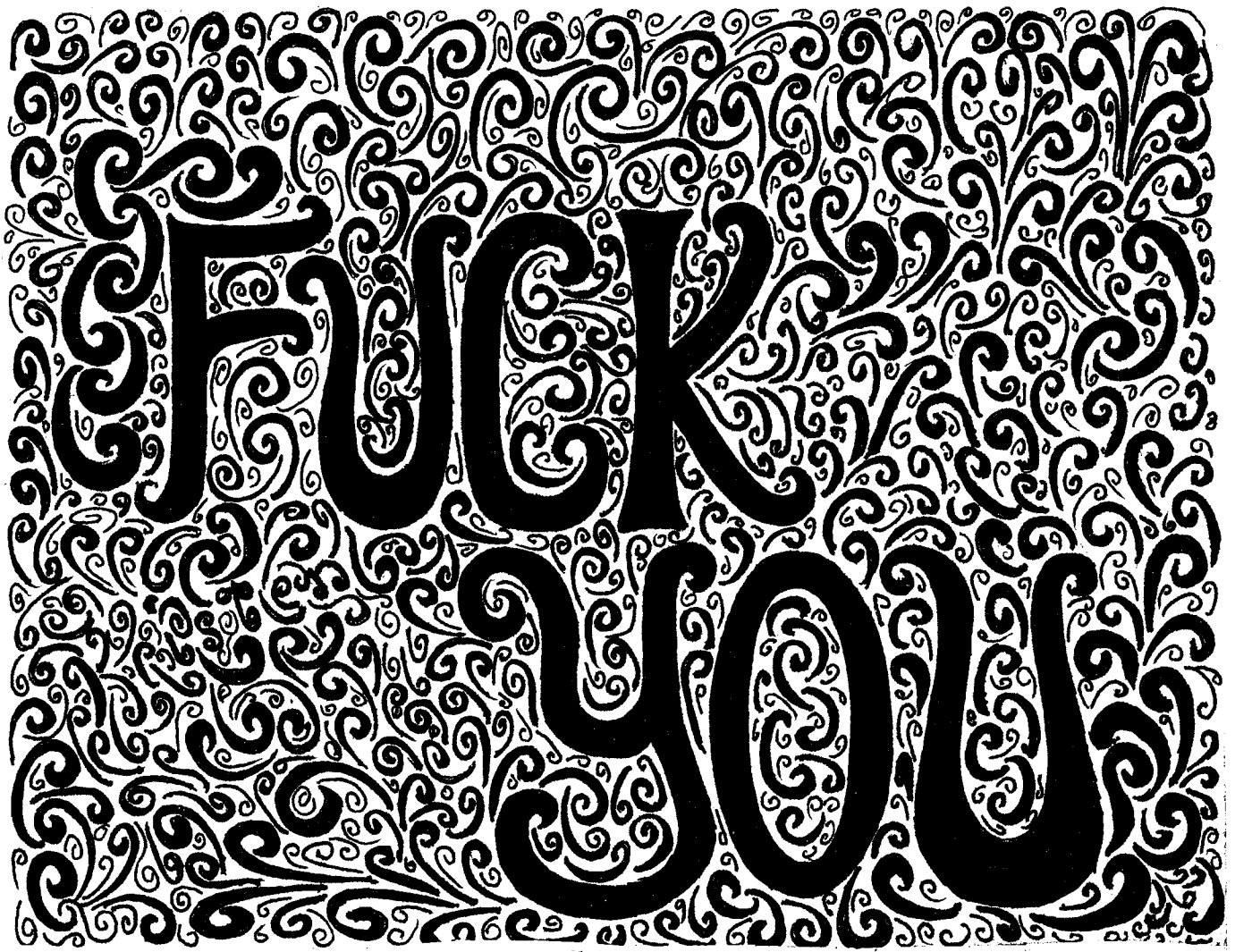
All you Umpires, back to the  
bleachers. Referees, hit the

Showers. It's my game. I pitch,  
I hit, I catch. I run the bases. At sunset, I've won or  
lost. At sunrise, I'm out again, giving it the old try.

And noone can help me. Not even you.

- Ray Bradbury

ie 1<sup>st</sup> annual 'Fall Fantastica' Art Contest



Winner: Best use of Design

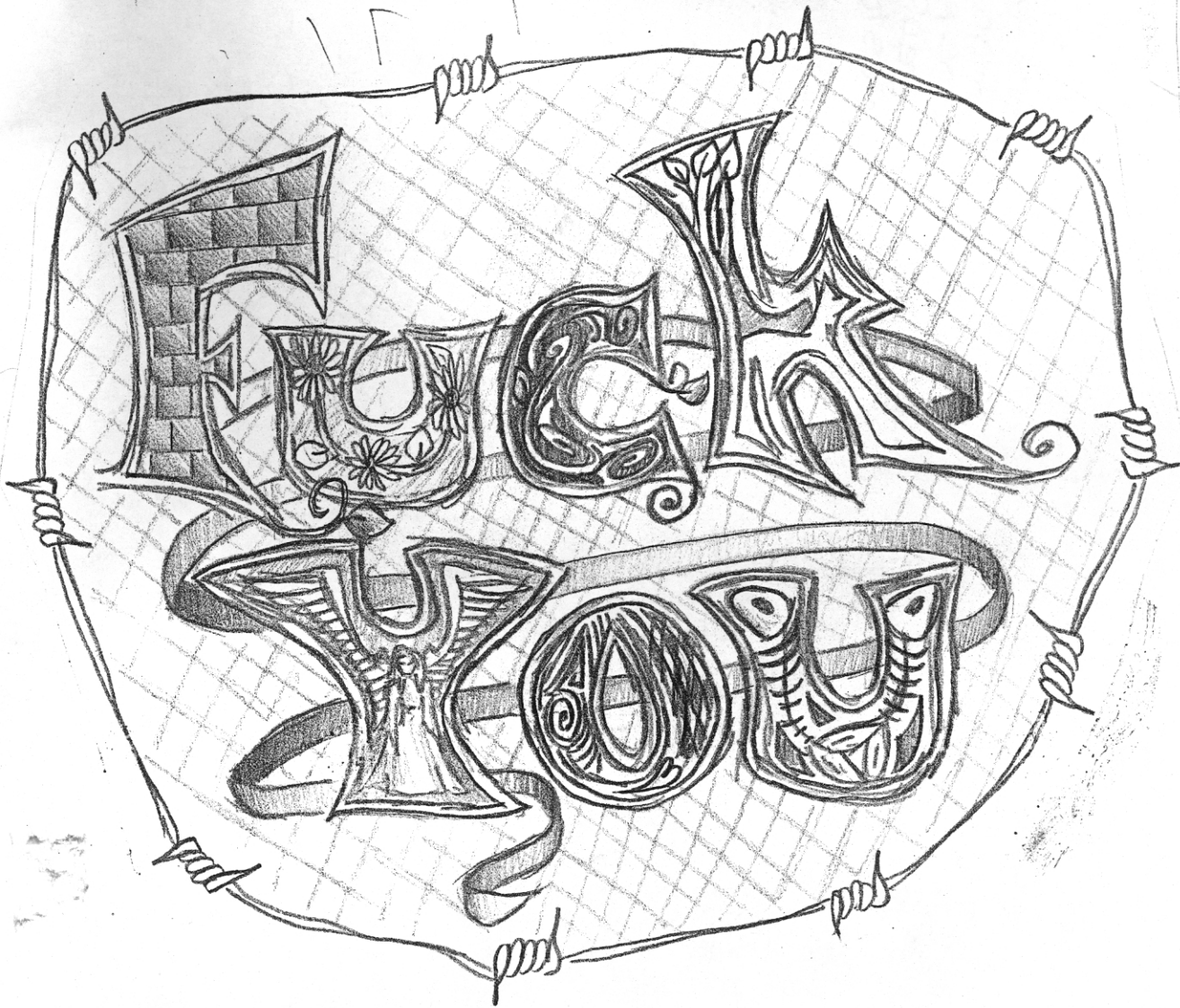
Congratulations, and hearty thanks, to everyone who submitted! The next 'assignment' is a lovely theme: 'If the Pope was my principal'. Let your imagination run wild, but only up to 100 words. The best entries will win yet another fabulous Crap prize! Suggested topics include: detention, school crowding, lunch, P.E., and that new 'office wall'. thanks, e.d.i.t.o.r.

...Very fast at all...-ed.



EVILONG X

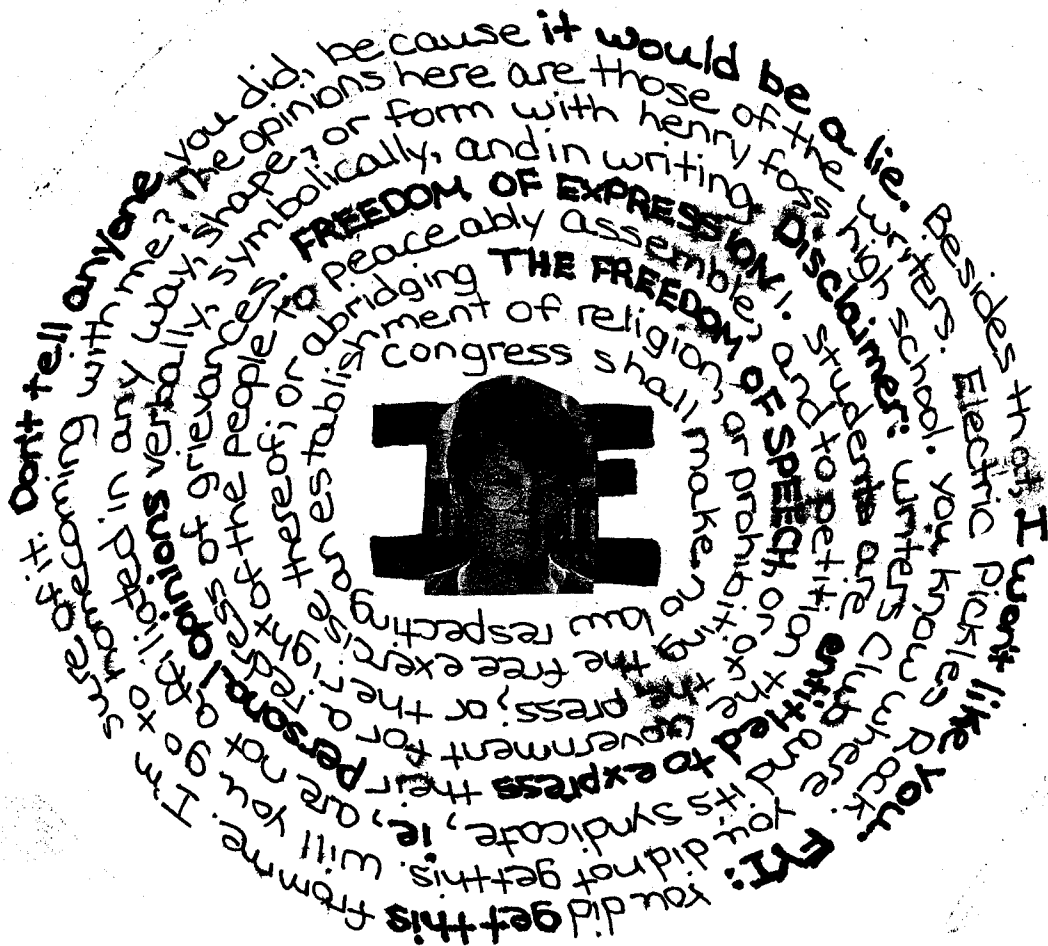
CRUEL!



Winner: Just Damn Cool

Winner: Most Tasteful

Please publish this! I'll be looking for your next issue. Thank You!



Community College of Allegheny County  
South Campus  
469-1100

Oblivion Take Me

CCAC-South...  
We are the meaning of affordable,  
quality education.